BRITISH
22JY69
MUSEUM

FRONTISPIECE.

It has been remark'd that Dean Swift never laugh'd but thrice in his Life; 1st. at a Merry Andrew's Pranks; 2d. at reading that part of Fielding's Tom Thumb where Tom is described killing the Ghost; 3d. at reading Mrs. Pilkington's Jests in Manuscript.

THE CELEBRATED

Mrs. PILKINGTON's

JESTS:

OR THE CABINET OF

WIT and HUMOUR.

To which is now first added,

A Great VARIETY of BONS MOTS, WITTICISMS, and ANECDOTES

Of the inimitable Dr. SWIFT,

Dean of ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

The whole forming

The most brilliant Collection of quaint JOKES, facetious PUNS, smart REPARTEES, entertaining TALES in Verse and Prose, EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, CONUNDRUMS, &c. &c. now extant.

The SECOND EDITION.

PUNNING *is a Talent which no Man affects to despise, but he that is without it.* SWIFT.

LONDON.

Printed for W. NICOLL, at the Paper Mill, in St. Paul's Church-Yard. MDCCLXIV.

PREFACE.

EVERY Man who is well acquainted with the World, and has made juſt Obſervations on Converſation in general, will, we apprehend, ſubſcribe to the Truth of Dean *Swift*'s Aſſertion, in the Motto affixed to our Title Page, namely, *That* PUNNING *is a Talent which no Man affects to deſpiſe, but he that is without it:* For notwithſtanding what the Dull and Moroſe may advance to conceal their Ignorance or Ill-Nature, a ſmart Pun, or ſenſible Conceit, adds much to the Life and Pleaſure of the Converſation of Perſons of the moſt elevated Senſe, and contributes at the ſame time to the Improvement of the Mind, by exhibiting a new and happy Aſſociation of Ideas, or Compariſons of different Objects and Ideas, which we ſhould otherwiſe, perhaps, never have been acquainted with. And though Collections of this Kind meet with an affected Contempt from the Stupid and Pedantic, yet it may be boldly and truly affirmed, that they afford rational Amuſement to Men of real Taſte, Genius, and even profound Learning; being conſidered by the latter in the Light of an agreeable Relaxation, after ſeverer Studies.

Bons

Bons Mots, or witty Sayings, are ſo far from being deſpiſed by Men of Erudition, that numberleſs Sages and Philoſophers, of every Age and Country, have conveyed Inſtruction to Poſterity, in Sayings of Wit and Humour. The Truth of this Aſſertion every one of the leaſt Reading can teſtify.

Thus much we thought it neceſſary to ſay, in behalf of Compilations of this Nature in general: As to this in particular, we flatter ourſelves, that the Reader will meet with much rational as well as innocent Amuſement in it. As an Improvement to this Edition, many humorous Pieces are added, which were not in the former, nor even to be met with in any other Book of the Kind; and ſeveral Jeſts, in that which were thought too trite, are in this changed for others of greater Humour and Novelty: So that, upon the whole, it is preſumed this Collection has as much Merit as any ever introduced to the Publick; whoſe Approbation the Editors ſhall think themſelves happy in receiving, as they have not been wanting in their endeavours to deſerve it.

MRS. PILKINGTON's JESTS.

MRS. PILKINGTON ſpeaking of the Oppreſſion which *Ireland* laboured under from the *Engliſh* Government, very ſeverely as well as ſenſibly obſerved, *That it is wrong Policy in the Engliſh to permit the People of Ireland to have an Univerſity. Learning naturally inſpires Men with the Love of Liberty; the Principles of which ought to be diſcouraged in the Minds of thoſe whom their Maſters are pleaſed to condemn to Slavery, Want, and Oppreſſion; unleſs perhaps it may be done with a cruel Intent of making their Yoke the more galling to them.*

Dean *Swift* engaged Mrs. *Pilkington*'s Huſband, who was a Clergyman, to preach for him one *Sunday*, at St. *Patrick*'s Cathedral in *Dublin*, and at the ſame time gave him and his Wife an Invitation to dine with him. During the courſe of that Day's Entertainment, Mrs. *Pilkington* obſerved and has related the following Peculiarities in the Behaviour of the Dean; and which are with Propriety introduced here, as in the courſe of that Day's Converſation there were ſeveral Repartees paſſed between the Dean and Mrs. *Pilkington*.

When Morning Service was over, Mrs. *Pilkington* met the Dean at the Church-door, ſurrounded by a Crowd of poor People, to all of whom he gave Charity, excepting one old Woman, who holding out a very dirty Hand to him, he told her gravely, *That though ſhe was a Beggar, Water was not ſo ſcarce but that ſhe might have waſhed her Hands.*

At Dinner he placed himſelf at the Head of the Table, oppoſite to a large Pier-glaſs, under which was a Marble Side-board; ſo that he could ſee in the Glaſs whatever the Servants did at it. The Beef being over-roaſted, the Company were all put into Confuſion; the Dean called for the Cook-maid, and ordered her to take it down ſtairs, and do it leſs. The Maid anſwered very innocently, that ſhe could not. *Why, what ſort of a Creature are you,* ſays he, *to commit a Fault that cannot be amended.* And turning to Mrs. *Pilkington*, he ſaid very gravely, *That he hoped, as the Cook was a Woman of Genius, he ſhould, by this manner of arguing, be able, in about a Year's time, to convince her, that ſhe had better ſend up the Meat too little than too much done.* Then addreſſing himſelf to the Men Servants, he ſaid, *Whenever you imagine the Meat is ready, take it, Spit and all, and bring it up by force; and I will aid you if the Cook reſiſts.* The Dean turning his Eye on the Looking-glaſs, eſpied the Butler opening a Bottle of Ale, and helping himſelf to the firſt Glaſs, and then filling up the Bottle with the Remains of another. *Ha! Friend,* ſays the Dean, *ſharp's the word, I find; you drank my Ale, for which I ſtop two Shillings of your Board-Wages this Week; for I ſcorn to be out-done in any thing, even in cheating.*

After

After Dinner, the Dean ſaid to Mrs. *Pilkington*, Pray, Madam, do you ſmoke? To which ſhe replied, that neither ſhe or her Huſband ſmoked. *That is a ſign*, ſaid he, *you were neither of you bred in the Univerſity of* Oxford; *for Drinking and Smoking are the firſt Rudiments of Learning taught there; and in thoſe two Arts no Univerſity in* Europe *can out-do them.*

The Dean then deſired Mrs. *Pilkington* to tell him her Faults. *Sir*, replied ſhe, *I muſt beg to be excuſed; for if I can help it, you ſhall never find them out.* The Dean ſaid Mr. *Pilkington* ſhould tell him if ſhe would not. "I will, Sir, (ſays Mr. *Pilkington*) "when I have diſcovered them." Dr. *Delany* being preſent, aſked the Dean why he was ſo unpolite as to ſuppoſe Mrs. *Pilkington* had any Faults. *Why, I will tell you*, replied *Swift*; *whenever I ſee a number of agreeable Qualities in any Perſon, I am always ſure they have bad ones ſufficient to poize the Scale.* Mrs. *Pilkington* bowed, and told the Dean, *he did her great honour.* In this ſhe ſaid ſhe copied Biſhop *Berkley*, whom ſhe had frequently heard declare, That when any Speech was made to him, which might be conſtrued either into a Compliment or an Affront, or that had two Handles, he was ſo meek and ſo mild, that he always took hold of the beſt.

The Dean then aſked Mrs. *Pilkington*, if ſhe was a Queen what ſhe ſhould chuſe to have after Dinner. To which ſhe replied, *Your Converſation.* "Phooh! ſays he, I mean what Regale?" She choſe Coffee. "Why then (returned the Dean) "I will make you as happy as a Queen; "you ſhall have ſome in Perfection; for when I "was Chaplain to the Earl of *Berkley*, who was

" in the Government here, I was ſo poor that I " was obliged to keep a Coffee-houſe, and all " the Nobility reſorted to it to talk Treaſon."

At Supper, the Dean pulled out of his Pocket a Golden Cork-ſcrew, and opening a Bottle of Wine, he decanted it off: The laſt Glaſs being thick, he called to Mr. *Pilkington* to drink it, ſaying at the ſame time, that he always kept ſome poor Parſon to drink his foul Wine for him. Mr. *Pilkington* entering into his Humour, thanked him, and told him he did not know the difference, but was glad to get a Glaſs at any rate. " Why then (ſays the Dean) you ſha'n't, for " I'll drink it myſelf. Why, Pox take you, you " are wiſer than a paltry Curate, whom I aſked " to dine with me a few days ago; for upon my " making the ſame Speech to him, he told me " he did not underſtand ſuch Uſage, and ſo " walked off without his Dinner. By the ſame " Token, I told the Gentleman who recommen- " mended him to me, that the Fellow was a " Blockhead, and I had done with him."

The Dean then miſſing his golden Cork-ſcrew, told Mrs. *Pilkington* ſhe had ſtolen it; ſhe affirmed ſhe had not. Upon looking for it, he found it where he had laid it; when he told Mrs. *Pilkington* it was well for her he had found it, or he ſhould have charged her with Theft. She aſked why ſhe ſhould be ſuſpected more than any other in the Company? *For a very good Reaſon*, ſays he, *becauſe you are the pooreſt.*

Another time Dean *Swift* had a Preſent made him, by the Author, of a Tranſlation of *Horace's Epiſtles*, very curiouſly bound. Soon after peruſing Part of it, he ſaid to Mrs. *Pilkington*, *This Book has a ſpecial good Cover; but I have a mind there*

there ſhould be ſomething valuable in the Inſide; ſo taking out his Penknife, he cut out all the Leaves cloſe to the Margin, and ordered Mrs. *Pilkington* to paſte ſome Letters of his Friend *Pope*, *Bolingbroke*, *&c.* which he gave her, into the Cover. *And now*, ſays he, *as to theſe Leaves which I have cut out, I will give them what they greatly want*; and immediately threw them all into the *Fire*.

The Dean invited Mrs. *Pilkington* to take a walk with him in his Garden, but as ſhe could not keep his Pace, he bade her ſit down and reſt herſelf, while he kept walking on, by way of Exerciſe. Mrs. *Pilkington* relates, that ſhe could not help ſmiling at the Dean's odd Gaite; ſhe thought to herſelf, that he had written ſo much in Praiſe of Horſes in *Gulliver's Travels*, that he was reſolved to imitate them as nearly as he could. While ſhe was indulging this Fancy, the Dean returned to her, and by his Diſcourſe gave her a ſtrong Confirmation of his Partiality to thoſe Animals. "I have been conſidering, Madam, "as I walked, (ſaid he,) what a Fool Mr. *Pil-* "*kington* was to marry you; for he could have "afforded to keep a Horſe for leſs Money than "you coſt him; and that, you muſt confeſs, "would have given him better Exerciſe, and "more Pleaſure than a Wife.—Why you laugh, "and do not anſwer me—Is it not truth?"— "I muſt anſwer you, Sir, (ſaid ſhe,) with another "Queſtion: Pray how can a Bachelor judge of "this matter?" "I find (ſays the Dean) you "are vain enough to give yourſelf the Prefer- "ence." I do, Sir, to that Species here: A "*Hoyhnhnm* I would, as becomes me, give place "to: But, Sir, it is going to rain." "I hope "not, (ſaid he,) for that will coſt me Six-pence

" for a Coach for you (the Garden being at a diſtance from the Houſe;) " Come, make haſte, " O how the Teſter trembles in my Pocket!" She obey'd, and they got to the Houſe juſt time enough to eſcape a heavy Shower. " Thank " God (ſays the Dean,) I have ſaved my Mo- " ney: Here, you Fellow (to his Servant,) carry " this Six-pence to the lame old Man that ſells " Gingerbread at the Corner, becauſe he tries to " do ſomething, and does not beg."

One day the Dean told Mr. *Pilkington* he would tell him his Wife's Faults before her Face; and accordingly began, in his jocular way, by accuſing her with the Inſolence of pretending to criticize the Works of the moſt celebrated Geniuſes of the Age; and with affirming that ſhe thought herſelf preferable to a Horſe, and more capable of giving her Huſband Pleaſure; and other Matters of the like Nature. *Well, Sir,* ſaid Mrs. *Pilkington, all theſe Miſdemeanours may be included under the Article, Pride: Now let me know my other Crime. Why,* replied the Dean, *you can't walk faſt. Well, Sir,* return'd Mrs. *Pilkington, if I can't mend my* Pride, *I'll try to mend my* Pace. *Mr. Pilkington,* ſaid the Dean, *I have a mind to* clip *your Wife's Wit. Indeed, Sir,* replied ſhe, *that's Death by Law, for 'tis* Sterling. *Shut up your Mouth for all day, my Dear,* ſaid Mr. *Pilkington, for that Anſwer is real Wit. Nay,* cries the Dean, *I believe we had better ſhut up our own, for at this rate ſhe'll be too many for us.*

At a Time when Mrs. *Pilkington*'s Father was given over by the Phyſicians, who had ceaſed to preſcribe for him, declaring that he could not outlive the Night; ſhe of her own Head gave him

him ſome Hock and Sack made warm, which threw him into a Sweat and deep Sleep, and, in ſhort, recovered him, to the great Conſternation of the Doctors; who, bantering her upon practiſing Phyſic without having taken her Degrees, ſhe told them, ſhe held her Right to practiſe, *extra Judice*; and ſmiling continued, *ſhe ſuppoſed they all underſtood Latin: But as their proper Buſineſs was to deſtroy Life, ſhe hoped they would not take it amiſs, as the Caſe ſo nearly concerned her, that ſhe had fruſtrated their Deſign: But*, added ſhe, with a low Courteſey, *I humbly preſume to believe, you*

Had rather chuſe that he ſhould die,
Than your Preſcriptions prove a Lie.

Col. *D——e*, a pleaſant old Gentleman, once told Mrs. *Pilkington*, he wiſhed ſhe would take him into keeping; to which ſhe anſwered, that ſhe had really never ſeen any Perſon with whom ſhe was better entertained; and therefore, added ſhe, *If you will make over all your real and perſonal Eſtate to me, and diſpoſe of your Regiment, and give me the Money, I will* keep *you.*

The above-mentioned Colonel, who was very parſimonious, being preſſed by ſome Gentlemen to do an Act of Generoſity, inſtead of complying, evaded it with a Joke; which occaſioned Mrs. *Pilkington* to obſerve to a Nobleman preſent, *the Colonel has ſo genteel and witty a Manner of excuſing his Avarice, that ſhould he ever grow generous, his Friends would loſe a thouſand Pleaſantries.*

She was employed by a certain Gentleman to write ſome Poetical Pieces, which he inſiſted muſt abound with Wit; they were accordingly executed to his Satisfaction, and he paſſed them upon

upon the Public as his own; but ſome time after, a little Difference ariſing between him and Mrs. *Pilkington*, he wrote her word, that ſhe was a Fool. To which ſhe anſwered, *I muſt inſiſt on it you were a much greater, to apply to a* Fool *for* Wit.

The firſt Day Mrs. *Pilkington* opened her Pamphlet-ſhop in *St. James's-ſtreet*, a Clergyman kept in, and aſk'd her if ſhe had got any thing new? *Yes, Sir*, replied ſhe, *my preſent Situation.*

She paid the following genteel and witty Compliment to Lord *Kingſborough: Invoke, my Lord, the ſacred Nine; not one of the beauteous Virgins can be coy to ſuch a Lover, reſembling ſo much their own* Apollo. *I am very certain they have all beſtowed their* Favours, *tho' you are a Man of too much Honour to reveal it.*

A certain Painter, who took pride in telling every body, that he was Sir *Godfrey Kneller's* Baſtard, was told by Mrs. *Pilkington, That ſome People were ſo fond of Family, that, to keep it up, they would prove themſelves* Sons of Whores.

Mrs. *Pilkington* ridicules the Folly of rich and wicked Perſons bequeathing their Wealth to the Poor after their Deceaſe: *As if*, ſays ſhe, *the Omnipotent could not ſee through the ſhallow Device, or that his eternal Kingdom was to be purchaſed with their* Leavings.

A Gentleman telling Mrs. *Pilkington*, that a certain Apothecary of her Acquaintance was broke, and obliged to ſhut up Shop; ſhe enquired the Cauſe; to which the Gentleman replied, he was ſo honeſt a Man, that inſtead of loading his Patients with Medicines, as was too common a Practice, he adviſed them to take the wholſome Air, and of courſe loſt the Profit ariſing

ſing from the Sale of his Drugs. *Poor Man*, ſays ſhe, *it is plain he could not live by the* Air, *tho' his Patients could.*

Mrs. *Pilkington*, who was no great Friend to the Clergy, on account of the ill Uſage ſhe had met with from ſome of the Cloth, frequently related the following Story of the Count *de St. Evremond.*

When Count *St. Evremond*, whoſe Writings are ſo well known in the Literary World, was dangerouſly ill, and had not enjoyed any Sleep for a long Time, a Conſultation of Phyſicians was held, to think of ſome Means to procure him Reſt; which he being ſenſible of, called them to his Bed-ſide, and told them, he knew the Buſineſs they were upon, and believed he had himſelf thought of the moſt effectual Remedy to procure ſound Sleep. They liſtened with Attention, to hear what he had to offer; when he deſired them to ſend for a certain Preacher, who was remarkable for Dulneſs, ſaying, *I don't remember that I ever heard that Gentleman preach, but I fell faſt aſleep before his Sermon was half ended.*

The following was written by Mrs. *Pilkington*, on the old and facetious Col. *D-----e*'s boaſting, in a jocular way, of having received certain Favours from her, but that he made her no Preſent, becauſe he could not be convinced of the Sincerity of her Paſſion, if ſhe made any Demands on his Pocket.

To the Hon. Col. D——e.

SINCE ſo oft to the Great of my Favours you boaſt,
When you know you enjoy'd but ſome Kiſſes at moſt,
And

And thoſe, as you ſay, never ought to be ſold,
For Love's too divine to be barter'd for Gold.
Since this is your Maxim, I beg a Receipt,
To know how, without it, a Lover can eat.
For tho' the fine Heroes we read in Romances,
Subſiſted whole Weeks upon amorous Fancies;
And yet were ſo ſtrong, if thoſe Writers ſay true,
That Dragons, and Giants, ſome thouſands they ſlew;
Thoſe Chiefs were of Origin ſurely divine,
And deſcended from *Jove* as direct as a Line:
But in our corrupted, degenerate Days,
We find neither Heroes, nor Lovers like theſe:
Our Men have ſcarce Courage to ſpeak to a Laſs,
'Till they've had a full Meal, and a chirrupping Glaſs;
And ſo much in myſelf of the Mortal I find,
That my Body wants Diet, as well as my Mind.
Now, pray, Sir, conſider the Caſe of your Miſtreſs,
Who neither can kiſs, nor write Verſes, in diſtreſs;
For *Bacchus* and *Ceres*, we frequently prove,
Are Friends to the Muſes, as well as to Love.

Mrs. *Pilkington*, being once at an Entertainment, where, when different Toaſts were going round, a Gentleman, whoſe Name was *Brown*, toaſted an abſent Lady, which he had done for many Years, though he never had the Courage to ſpeak to her: Upon which Mrs. *Pilkington* ſaid to the Gentleman, *I believe, Sir, you have toaſted that Lady theſe ſeven Years, and it is ſurprizing ſhe is not* Brown *yet.*

Mrs. *Pilkington* uſed to take great Pleaſure in relating the following Stories, ſome of which were of

of her own fertile Invention, and others ſhe had heard among the Wits ſhe viſited.

A droll Fellow, who got a Livelihood by playing on the Fiddle at Fairs, and about the Country, was one day met by an Acquaintance that had not ſeen him a great while, who accoſted him with, *Bleſs me! what are you alive?* --- *Why not*, anſwered the Fiddler, *did you ſend any body to kill me?* --- *No*, replies the other, *but I was told you was dead.*--- *Ay, ſo it was reported, it ſeems*, (ſays the Fiddler,) *but I knew it was a confounded Lie as ſoon as I heard it.*

A Gentleman met a Friend in the Street, whom he had not ſeen for ſome Years; and began to give him an account of what had befallen him ſince their Separation from each other: A Cart happened to intervene, upon which they took different Streets: Seven Years paſſed, and it ſo befell, they met juſt in the ſame Place, when, without the leaſt Ceremony, he proceeded in his Story, *And ſo as I was telling you, ſaid he*, &c.

A good Woman quarrelling with her Huſband for being ſomewhat too familiar with the Servant-Maid, charging him with many other Facts of the like Nature, which he knowing himſelf innocent of, ſaid to her, *Indeed, Wife, you will lie with any Woman in the Kingdom, that's your Failing. No, you Rogue*, replied the good Woman, in a great rage, *it is you that will* lie *with any Woman, and that's the Reaſon I am in ſuch a Paſſion with you.*

As the facetious *H—y W——d*, Comedian, was one Day walking with a Friend under *Covent-Garden Piazza*, a poor miſerable-looking Wretch aſked his Charity. Seeing the Beggar's ſhocking Countenance, *H—y* put his Hand in his

his Pocket and relieved him, ſaying at the ſame Time, *This Fellow is certainly either a great Object of Charity, or a very good* Actor.

A young Fellow who fancied himſelf poſſeſſed of Talents ſufficient to cut a Figure on the Stage in Comedy, offered himſelf to the Maſter of *Covent-Garden* Theatre, who deſired him to give a Specimen of his Abilities before Mr. *Quin*, the celebrated Player. After he had rehearſed a Speech or two, in a wretched Manner, *Quin* aſked him, with a contemptuous Sneer, whether he had ever done any Part in Comedy. The young Fellow anſwered, that he had the Part of *Abel* in the Alchymiſt. To which *Quin* replied, with that ſarcaſtical Turn peculiar to himſelf, *You miſtake, Boy, it was the Part of* Cain *you acted; for I am ſure you murdered* Abel.

Another time, one of equal Vanity and Inability offered himſelf at the ſame Theatre, for Tragedy; who, according to Cuſtom, was to ſpeak before Mr. *Quin:* Juſt as he began to rant forth a Tragedy Speech, a Dog, that was running about the Stage at the ſame Time, ſet up a terrible Howl: Upon which, *Quin* aſked whoſe Dog it was, and being informed, he cried out, *He's a Dog of good Judgment, by G—*; and walked off without ſtaying to hear the Speech out.

Sir *Miles Stapleton*, a Gentleman of great Fortune in the North of *England*, being a remarkably little Man, gave riſe to the following Pun, and a hearty Laugh, which the Knight himſelf enjoyed with the Company.—Two of the Company were diſputing about the *Yorkſhire* Miles; one aſſerted they were longer than in any Part of *England* beſide, which the other denied, and it was left to the Deciſion of a famous Punſter, who declared,

clared he knew of no *ſhort Miles* in *Yorkſhire*, except *Sir Miles*.

An extravagant young Fellow, who was very forward to ſpend his Money tho' he could but ill afford it, being one Evening in Company in a Public Houſe, where it was propoſed to ſpend Six-pence a-piece; the young Spendthrift not contented with this reaſonable Expence, inſiſted that it ſhould be a Shilling; ſaying he knew no Difference between a Shilling and Six-pence: To which a ſly old Œconomiſt replied, *But you will, young Gentleman, when you come to be worth* Eighteen-pence.

One meeting an Acquaintance, ſays to him, with a kind of ſecret Joy, *I'll tell you a piece of News, my Friend; between you and I, my Wife's with Child. Between you and I*, anſwered the other, *you are greatly miſtaken, for I have not lain with your Wife this Twelvemonth.*

A poor but worthy Clergyman, who poſſeſſed only a *ſmall* Lectureſhip, from the Income of which he had a *large* Family to maintain, had been under the neceſſity, through ſome expenſive Family-ſickneſſes, *&c.* of contracting Debts with ſeveral in the Pariſh, and being unable to anſwer their Demands, abſconded ſome Time for fear of being troubled; and, in ſhort, was ſo aſhamed of facing his Creditors, that he even prevailed with a Friend to officiate for him on *Sundays*. However, conſidering this Method of Life could not laſt long, he took Courage, and reſolved to preach the following *Sunday* before his Pariſhioners; when he took his Text from the New Teſtament, theſe Words, *Have Patience, and I will pay you all.* He began with dividing his Text into two general Heads; firſt,

Have Patience; ſecondly, *and I will pay you all:* He then expatiated very largely and elegantly on that moſt Chriſtian Virtue, *Patience*; after which, *And now*, ſays he, *having done with my firſt Head, viz.* Have Patience, *I come to my ſecond and laſt general Head, which is*, and I will pay you all; --- *but that I muſt defer to another Opportunity.*

In the Time of the Wars between the Duke of *Marlborough*'s Army and the *French*, in the Reign of Queen *Anne*, it was a conſtant Practice with the *French* Court to cauſe Illuminations and Bonfires to be made in *Paris* after every Battle, whether their Army got the Victory, or not, in order to keep up the Spirits of the People; particularly one time, when the *Engliſh* had totally defeated the *French*, and great Illuminations and Bonfires were made as uſual; a *French* Soldier merrily ſaid, *Begar, the People of our Nation are like Flint-ſtones; the more you beat them, the more Fire they make.*

A certain political Writer, on the *Tory* ſide of the Queſtion, in a former Reign, being bribed over to the Court Intereſt by a Penſion; one of the Party he had deſerted, taxed him with the Meanneſs of being a Turncoat, and aſk'd his Reaſon for quitting the Party for a Bribe? To which the Author anſwered, *That he had ſeven very ſubſtantial Reaſons for it*, viz. *a Wife and ſix Children.*

A Gentleman paſſing over a Cauſeway in the Country, which parted two Waters, and was not railed on either Side to ſecure Paſſengers from falling, in caſe of their Feet ſlipping, ſays to a Countryman whom he overtook, *Methinks this narrow Cauſeway muſt be very dangerous, honeſt*

neſt Friend: Pray, are not People loſt here, ſometimes? Loſt! anſwered the Fellow, *I never knew any body loſt here in my Life; there have, indeed, been ſeveral drowned, but they are always* found *again.*

A Court Member of the Houſe of Commons, ſome Years ago, obſerving a new elected one of the oppoſite Party that ſat next to him, and who was a remarkably fat Man, riſing from his Seat to ſpeak in a Debate, the Courtier cried out, *Mr. Speaker, I beg your Attention to the Gentleman next me, who is ſo* full of Matter, *that he cannot keep his Seat*; which raiſed an immoderate Laugh, and ſo abaſhed the young Member, that he ſat down again, without ſpeaking a Syllable.

A Parcel of merry Fellows in a Country-town, having a mind to humbug an honeſt toping Farmer, waylaid him one dark Evening, on his Return from a neighbouring Village, where he had got exceeding drunk, and took him off his Horſe, and made a Pretence of rifling his Pockets of what he had, but took nothing from him; they then ſet him upon his Horſe again, with his Face towards the Tail, and tying his Hands behind him, they went away: The Horſe, well acquainted with the Way home, carried his Maſter ſafe into the Yard, and the Wife, hearing her Huſband's Voice, went out with a Candle, and ſeeing his Situation, haſtily enquired the Cauſe: The Farmer, as well as he could ſpeak, told her, *that he had been ſet upon by a Parcel of Robbers, who had ſtripped him of his Money, and uſed him very ill; but what vexes me moſt is,* (adds the Farmer,) *they have cut off my Horſe's Head.*

A *Gaſcon* travelling in the Country of *France*, and Money falling ſhort before he reached his Journey's End, he knew not how to anſwer the Calls of his craving Appetite, which were now very violent; but as Neceſſity is the Mother of Invention, and the *Gaſcons* being a Sort of People not eaſily put to the Bluſh, he was reſolved to get a good Dinner, tho' he had no Money, and he thought the Diſgrace would be as great to ſhift for a poor pitiful Meal as for a plentiful one; he therefore went into the firſt great Inn he ſaw, and with a confident Aſſurance, ordered what he liked beſt as to eating and drinking. Being now ſatisfied, and in High Spirits, he deſired the Landlord to ſit down and take a Glaſs with him, and with a very familiar Air, fell immediately to aſking him ſeveral Queſtions, as firſt, what was the Name of the Village, and who was Lord of the Manor, what Province it was in, and by what Kind of Laws they were governed? to all which the Landlord gave him proper Anſwers. He then aſked what Puniſhment was inflicted for Murder? The Man told him, that was according to the Rank of the Perſon ſlain; well, continued the *Gaſcon*, what is the Puniſhment for killing a Man of your Condition of Life? The Inn-keeper anſwered, the Penalty was greater if the Perſon killed was married, than if ſingle; and further, that it is Ten Crowns Forfeiture to wound an Inn-keeper with a Sword: Well, ſays the *Gaſcon*, and what would be the Fine if any Man was to ſtrike me a Slap of the Face? He would be obliged, anſwered the other, to pay you a Crown. The *Gaſcon*, very well knowing that his Reckoning did not amount to above half that Sum, replied; *I wiſh then you would pleaſe to ſtrike me a*

Slap

Slap on the Face, and give me my Change, for I have no Money. What the Devil do you mean by that, ſays the Hoſt, *I inſiſt upon having my Money, or I will ſeize your Cloak.* The *Gaſcon*, whoſe Impudence never had failed him yet, was not at all daunted at this Rebuff, but told the Landlord, that if he did not hold his ſaucy Tongue, he would make him ſkip like a Hare; *You!* anſwered the Hoſt, *'tis out of your Power to make me ſtir from this Place. I lay you the Price of the Reckoning,* ſays the *Gaſcon, that I make you run from this Place immediately. It's done,* ſays the other. Upon which the *Gaſcon* took to his Heels, and ran away, and the Landlord after him, which the former perceiving, he turned round and cried out, *Stop, ſtop, Landlord, you have fairly loſt your Wager; you have no Demand upon me now*; and ſo got cleverly off, without paying his Reckoning.

Some Soldiers, quartered in a Country-town, meeting a Farmer on the Road, a little way out of Town, in a dark Night, robbed him of his Great Coat and Money. The Farmer went immediately to one of the Captains of the Regiment to make Complaint. *Honeſt Friend* (ſays the Captain) *when the Soldiers robbed you, had you that Coat on which you have now?* — *Yes, Sir,* anſwered the poor Man. *Why then* (replied the Captain,) *you may depend on it that they do not belong to my Company, or they would not have left you that, nor even your Shirt.*

A Gentleman having occaſion to buy a Horſe, and being no Judge in Horſe Fleſh, went to a Dealer whom he knew, and told him he wanted to buy a good Horſe; but as he was ignorant how to make a proper choice, would leave it to

him; that he expected he (the Dealer) would put a good one into his Hands, without a ſingle Fault, and that the Gentleman would not beat him down as to Price. A Bargain was made, the Jockey declaring, that to his Knowledge the Horſe had not one Fault; and the Money was paid down. But Jockies will be Rogues; in a Day or two the Gentleman diſcovered, that notwithſtanding the Eyes of his Horſe to all Appearance were good, he was in effect as blind as a Stone: Upon this, the Gentleman demanded the Return of his Money, which the Jockey had the Impudence to evade, by ſaying, *I told you the Beaſt had no Fault; and I ſwear to you now that I do not know of one; and as to his being blind, I confeſs he is ſo; but that is a* Misfortune, *not a* Fault.

A Man who for many Years had employed his Time and Money in different Schemes, in hopes of making a Fortune, but was greatly diſappointed, and, in ſhort, reduced to the Miſery of a Jail, (the Fate of many honeſt, ingenious Projectors;) and being viſited one Day by a good Friend who relieved him, and aſked him how he came to be in that unhappy Condition? he anſwered, *You muſt know, Sir, I have long paid my Addreſſes to that good Lady, Dame* Fortune, *and I thought ſhe ſeemed to give me ſome diſtant Encouragement; but, in ſhort, ſhe abandoned me, and I unluckily am wedded to her Daughter,* Miſs-Fortune, *who I find has been* common *to many beſide myſelf.*

A Man having been at very high Words with his Wife, ſaid in his Paſſion, he would never bed with her again; but not being poſſeſſed of two Beds, he fixed a Board in the middle of that one

one they had, to make a Separation. In this State they continued ſome time, till one Night, as both laid awake, wiſhing for a Reconciliation, but neither caring to make the firſt Advances, the Huſband chanced to ſneeze; upon which his Wife kindly ſaid, *Heavens bleſs you, my Dear.*— *Do you ſpeak that from your Heart?* returned he. *Indeed I do*, anſwered ſhe. *Well, then*, ſays he, *take away the Board.*

A merry Country Fellow being inclined to joke with one of his Neighbours, who was ſomewhat ſoft and pettiſh, *Roger*, ſays he, *How many Cuckolds do you think there are in our Town, except yourſelf? Except myſelf, what do you mean by that?* anſwered *Roger: Nay*, ſays the other, *don't be angry; why then including yourſelf, how many are there?*

Mr. *Quin* going into a Tavern Kitchen on a hot Day, and ſeeing the Cook before a large Fire buſied in dreſſing ſeveral Diſhes, ſaid to him, *How can you bear this damnable Heat, Fellow? Sir*, anſwered the Cook, *it is nothing to me; I am ſo accuſtomed to Heat, I don't mind it.---Why, if that's the Caſe*, replied *Quin, you may bid the D----l kiſs your A---.*

A *Munſter* Man being on board a Man of War, was deſired by his Meſſmate to go down to the Steward's Room for a Can of Small Beer. *Teague* perceiving that Preparations were then making for Sailing immediately, refuſed to go, ſaying, *Arrah, by my Shoul, and ſo while I am after going into the Cellar, to fetch Drink for you, the Ship will be after Sailing, and leave me behind.*

The ſame Man one Day telling his Shipmates of the Plenty of Wild-Fowl in his Coun-

try,

try, *Arrah, damme*, ſays he, *but Partridges are ſo plenty there, that a blind Man might kill a whole Covey at a Shot, if he could but ſee them riſe.*

Two Men having a Diſpute together about Works of Fortification, one ſaid to the other, *For all your pretended Knowlege, I'll lay you a Shilling you do not know what makes a Fortification. Done*, ſays the other, who was a droll Fellow, *I inſiſt on it, that two* Twentyfications *make a* Fortyfication.

Some Ladies walking in the Meadows a few Miles out of *Paris*, they met a Shepherd with a young Kid in his Arms; one of them ſtroak'd and admired it, and aſked the Reaſon it had no Horns? The Shepherd, vexed at being detained, anſwered, *Becauſe he is not married.*

During the Time of General *Belliſle*'s Confinement in *Windſor* Caſtle, as a Party of Soldiers were marching there, to be ſet as Guards over him, a Gentleman meeting them on the Road, aſked where they were going, and upon what Buſineſs? When one of the Officers, fond of Punning, replied, *We are going to* Windſor, *to keep a* General faſt.

Some cenſorious Perſons having malevolently charged Mrs. *Pilkington* with Infidelity to her Huſband, which was never proved, ſhe ſaid, "To avouch mine Innocence in a Point where "Appearances were ſtrong againſt me, would, "perhaps, little avail me: The Supreme Judge "of Hearts alone will, at the laſt great Day, "clear or condemn me; to whoſe unerring Juſ-"tice and boundleſs Goodneſs I ſubmit my Cauſe." And a little after, ſhe merrily obſerves, That by intro-

introducing her Huſband in her *Memoirs*, ſhe has made him known; and that if he ever arrives at Fame, or ever goes to Heaven, he muſt remain her Debtor. *For* (adds ſhe,) *that Cuckolds go to Heaven, nobody ever yet diſputed. Were he one, he ought to thank me, who helped to ſend him thither. If I have beſtowed on him Fame in this World, and Salvation in the next, what could a reaſonable Man deſire more from his Wife? But ſome Folks are never ſatisfied.*

Mrs. *Pilkington* paſſing an Evening with an *Engliſh* Member of Parliament, who was a very free facetious Gentleman, he related to her the following humorous Anecdotes.

In the Time of Sir *Robert Walpole*'s Adminiſtration, a certain *Scotch* Baronet, without a Foot of Eſtate, was returned duly elected for a Shire in *Scotland*, and immediately ſet out for *London*; and when he arrived there, took a Hackney-Coach, and drove to Sir *Robert*'s. The Servant told him he was engaged; but the Baronet inſiſted on his carrying up his Name; and, leſt he ſhould forget it, he jumped out of the Coach, and, running up Stairs after him, delivered his Embaſſy himſelf. Sir *Robert* welcomed him, and, like a Courtier, told him he ſhould be glad to ſerve him: *Nay, nay, Mon*, returned he, *I came na here for Compliments; I ha ne Siller to get a Lodging; ſo I'll e'en ſtay here till you give me ſome.* So Sir *Robert* choſe rather to give him Purſe, than be plagued with his Impertinence.

A *Scottiſh* Peer, who was a Penſioner, and a remarkable fat Man, came one Morning, according to Cuſtom, to Sir *Robert*'s Levee, and, without the leaſt Ceremony, laid hold of his Button. Sir *Robert* could not readily diſengage himſelf,

himſelf, and the Nobleman lugged him to the Window, in which ſouſing himſelf down, he happened to break Wind backwards, which carried with it ſo loud a Report, that it threw the whole Company into a Laughter. *Very well, my Lord*, ſaid the Miniſter, *pray what have you further to ſay? Why*, anſwered the Peer, *it is this, Sir* Robert, *I owe fifteen hundred Pounds, and by the Laird, if you do not give it me, I'll go To-morrow to the Houſe, and vote according to my Conſcience.*

An *Engliſh* Earl, who was a Penſioner, once told Sir *Robert*, he was always at a loſs how to vote, inaſmuch as he did not underſtand the Debates: and was ſo near-ſighted, that when the Houſe divided, he knew not on which Side to go. Sir *Robert* bade him *always follow the Biſhops*. It happened, on the Convention-Scheme three or four of the Biſhops roſe, and the Earl, ſeeing them move, he, according to his Maſter's Direction, followed them, and voted point-blank againſt his Intereſt.

The late Duke of *Wharton*, who was a Man of great Humour, at the Time of the Diſcovery of *Atterbury's Plot* (as it was called) which was proved by decyphering Letters and torturing the harmleſs Alphabet into Treaſon, ſaw a Man at the Door of the Parliament-Houſe ſelling Horn-books. Sir *Robert*'s Equipage ſtopped, and the Duke laying hold of him as he alighted, told him, he was ſurprized he did not ſend that Fellow to *Newgate*, who was ſelling ſuch a Libel on the Miniſtry: *Why*, ſays Sir *Robert*, *my Lord, thoſe are Horn-books.* --- *Treaſon, by Jove*, replied the Duke, *as I will convince you*; and ſtill holding him, ran on thus:

A ſtands

A ſtands for *Army*, and *B* for a *Bench*,
C ſtands for *Court*, and *D* for a *Drench*;
E, I won't interpret that.
F ſtands for gay *France*, which we hope will not ſwerve,
And *G* ſtands for *George*, --- whom God long preſerve;
P ſtands for *P--x*, the *Pretender*, the *Pope*,
And *R* ſtands for *Robin*, and *Ribbon*, and *Rope*.

In repeating the laſt Line, he pulled the Miniſter's blue String, and laugh'd in his Face. Sir *Robert* could not help laughing himſelf, and being naturally of a pacifick Diſpoſition, he took it quietly.

Dean *Swift*, one Evening, having Mrs. *Pilkington* and ſeveral other Ladies at Supper with him, was giving them an Account of ſome Woman, who, he told them, was the naſtieſt, moſt ſtinking old B—h that ever was ſeen, *except the Company*, *Ladies*, *except the Company*; *for that you know is but civil.*

Mrs. *Pilkington* was at one Time, when in *London*, in great Diſtreſs, and lodged at the Houſe of a very rapacious Woman. Her Cuſtom (ſays Mrs. *Pilkington*) was to live upon her Lodgers, even when ſhe knew they were miſerably poor; inſomuch, that if one of them ſent but for a Pint of Small Beer, ſhe would intercept it in the Way, and drink half of it; *but*, *indeed*, (added Mrs. *Pilkington*) *ſhe was very civil*, *for ſhe always ſent them Word ſhe drank their* Healths; *and ſo ſhe did in reality*, *by depriving them of the Means of preſerving it.*

Mrs. *Pilkington*, ſpeaking of the Trouble and Uneaſineſs which over-ceremonious Perſons occaſion in Company, made the following Obſervation:

tion: *What Reſpect ſoever our Nobility may think is owing to the* French *Mode of cringing and complimenting, I muſt confeſs, I never ſee it practiſed without a peculiar Pain, which I can compare to nothing but the Apprehenſions I am under at the Sight of Tumblers, Rope-Dancers,* &c. *ſuch as, I believe, all rational Creatures ſhare, at ſeeing Men deform their Viſages by a Thouſand aukward Grimaces, and their Bodies like jointed Babies, only becauſe it is a-la-Mode Françoiſe: Neither do we ſee any but the moſt illiterate Coxcombs practiſe it.*

No Man had a greater Averſion to Exceſs of ridiculous Ceremony than Dean *Swift*; an Inſtance of which we ſhall here relate: A Lady of this Turn having given the Dean an Invitation to Dinner, and as ſhe had heard he was not eaſily pleaſed, ſhe had taken a Month to provide for it. When the Time came, every Delicacy which could be purchaſed the Lady had prepared, even to Profuſion, (which *Swift* hated.) However, he was ſcarce ſeated, when ſhe began to make a ceremonious Harangue; in which ſhe told him, That ſhe was ſincerely ſorry ſhe had not a more tolerable Dinner, ſince ſhe was apprehenſive there was not there any Thing fit for him to eat; in ſhort, that it was a bad Dinner. *Pox take you,* (ſaid the Dean) *why did you not get a better? Sure you had Time enough! But ſince you ſay it is ſo bad, I'll e'en go Home and eat a Herring.* Accordingly he departed, and left her juſtly confuſed at her Folly, which had ſpoilt all the Pains and Expence ſhe had been at.

The following Story, on the Subject of true Politeneſs, is not unapplicable to the foregoing:

A certain *Engliſh* Nobleman, who had the Honour to be ſent Ambaſſador to *France*, was ſaid to

to be one of the moſt polite and beſt accompliſhed fine Gentlemen in *Europe*. This reached the Ears of the *French* King, who thought ſuch a Character due to none but himſelf: But as every thing is proved by Trial, his Majeſty took this Method of ſatisfying his Curioſity. One Morning, when the Ambaſſador had a private Audience, the King told him, he ſhould be glad of his Excellency's Company to take an Airing with him; the Ambaſſador did not heſitate on accepting the Offer, but told his Majeſty he was ready to wait on him; the King's Chariot was at the Door, which he very careleſsly deſired the Nobleman to ſtep into: *No, Sir*, replied the Ambaſſador, *not before your Majeſty*; at which the King burſt out a laughing, and ſaid, *No, no, my Lord, you are not the beſt bred Man in the World; otherwiſe you would have done what I deſired; ſince you might well know, that if it was not agreeable to me, I ſhould not have paid you the Compliment.*

Notwithſtanding the Peculiarities in Dr. *Swift's* Behaviour on many Occaſions, there is diſcoverable, even among thoſe Oddities, the Marks of a very praiſe-worthy Diſpoſition, as will appear by the following Relations.

The Dean ſtanding one Winter's Day at the Deanry Window, ſaw a very poor and ancient Woman ſitting on the Steps, ſhivering with Cold. His Footman happened to come to the Door; when the poor Creature beſought him, in a piteous Tone, to deliver a Petition, which ſhe held in her Hand, to his Reverence. The Servant read it, and told her, with infinite Scorn, his Maſter had ſomething elſe to mind than her Petition. *What's that you ſay, Fellow*, ſaid the

Dean, looking out at the Window, *come up here.* The Man trembling obeyed him: He alſo deſired the poor Woman to come before him, made her ſit down, and ordered her ſome Bread and Wine; after which he turned to the Man, and ſaid, *At what Time, Sir, did I order you to open a Paper directed to me? or to refuſe a Letter from any one? Hark ye, Sirrah, you have been admoniſhed by me for Drunkenneſs, Idling, and other Faults; but ſince I have diſcovered your inhuman Diſpoſition, I muſt diſmiſs you from my Service. So pull off my Cloaths, take your Wages, and let me hear no more from you.* ---- The Fellow did ſo, and having vainly ſollicited a written Diſcharge, (which is cuſtomarily given in *Ireland* to Servants, when diſmiſſed from a Place,) was compelled to go to Sea, where he continued five Years; at the End of which Time, finding that Life far different from the Eaſe and Luxury of his former Occupation, he returned, and humbly confeſſing, in a Petition to the Dean, his former Tranſgreſſions, and aſſuring him of his entire Reformation, which the Dangers he had undergone at Sea had happily wrought, he begged the Dean would give him ſome Sort of a Diſcharge. Accordingly the Doctor called for a Pen and Ink, and gave him the following Diſmiſſion, with which he ſet out for *London.*

" Whereas the Bearer, -------- ſerved me the " Space of one Year, during which Time he " was an Idler and a Drunkard, I then diſchar- " ged him as ſuch; but how far his having been " five Years at Sea may have mended his Man- " ners, I leave to the Penetration of thoſe who " may hereafter chuſe to employ him.

" *Deanry-Houſe,*
Oct. 9, 1739. J. SWIFT."

When the above Servant arrived in *London*, Mrs. *Pilkington* was there, to whom he applied to recommend him to a Place; and ſhe adviſed him to go to Mr. *Pope*, who, on ſeeing the Dean's Hand-writing, which he well knew, told the Man, if he could produce any credible Perſon who would atteſt that he was the Servant the Dean meant, he would hire him. The Man applying to Mrs. *Pilkington*, ſhe gave him a Letter to Mr. *Pope*, aſſuring him, that ſhe knew the Man to have been Footman to the Dean; upon which Mr. *Pope* took him into his Service, wherein he continued to the Death of his Maſter.

The following is another of the Dean's ſenſible Oddities. He one Day ſummoned a *Senatus Conſultum*, as he called a few of thoſe very intimate Friends whom he peculiarly regarded; and placing them round a great Table, he told them they were an impanneled Jury, and ſeated himſelf at the Head of it, as Judge. He then told them the Reaſon why they were ſummoned; which was, that his Friend Mr. *Gratton*'s favourite Hen was put to Death by an unlucky Stroke of a Whip, by one of his Fellows, as he ſuppoſed. I have accuſed them, ſays he, and they deny the Fact; but as Murder will always come to Light, I found the Hen's Head and Neck in the Seat of my Chaiſe-Box; and now I want to convict the Criminal. Accordingly he ordered his three Men Servants to come before the Company, and related the following Story to them:--- When Dr. *Donne*, afterwards Dean of *St. Paul's*, took Poſſeſſion of the firſt Living he ever had, being a ſpeculative Man, he took a Walk into the Church-yard, where the Sexton was digging

a Grave, and throwing up a Skull, the Doctor took it up to contemplate thereon, and found a ſmall Sprig, or headleſs Nail, ſticking in the Temple, which he drew out ſecretly, and wrapt it up in the Corner of his Handkerchief: He then demanded of the Grave-digger, Whether he knew whoſe Skull that was? He ſaid he did very well; declaring it was a Man's who kept a Brandy-Shop, an honeſt drunken Fellow, who one Night taking too much of that comfortable Creature, was found dead in his Bed the next Morning. Had he a Wife? ſaid the Doctor. Yes, Sir. Is ſhe living? Yes. What Character does ſhe bear? A very good one; only indeed the Neighbours reflected on her, becauſe ſhe married the Day after her Huſband was buried; though to be ſure ſhe had no great Reaſon to grieve after him. This was enough for the Doctor, who, under Pretence of viſiting all his Pariſhioners, called on her; he aſked her ſeveral Queſtions, and among others, what Sickneſs her firſt Huſband died of? She giving him the ſame Account he had before received, he ſuddenly opened the Handkerchief, and cried, in an authoritative Voice, *Woman, do you know this Nail?* She was ſtruck with Horror at the unexpected Demand, and inſtantly owned the Fact. *And ſo, Fellow,* ſaid the Dean, *do you know this Head?* The Criminal confeſſed his Fault, and the Jury brought him in *Guilty of Hen-ſlaughter in his own Defence,* for he declared he was hungry, and did eat it, having no Malice perpenſe to it, but rather Love. On account of his Sincerity, and the Company's Interceſſion, the Dean pardoned him.

Dean

Dean *Swift* has been frequently called the *Engliſh Rabelais*; but with Submiſſion to the *French*, and their Admirers, we apprehend they pay *Swift* but an indifferent Compliment by the Compariſon; as *Rabelais* was rather a Buffoon than a Man of Sterling Wit, ſound Judgment, extenſive Knowlege, and deep Learning, as the Dean moſt certainly was; nor were any of the Oddities of the latter marked with Buffoonry and Indelicacy, as moſt of thoſe of the former were, as appears by the two following Inſtances, which we have tranſlated and inſerted here, for the ſake of giving the *Engliſh* Reader an Idea of the favourite *French* Wit.

Rabelais one Day walking in the Streets of *Paris*, had preſſing Occaſion to go to a Neceſſary-Houſe; but not knowing any Body in the Street where he was taken, a Thought came ſuddenly into his Head, in order to relieve his preſent Neceſſity, and at the ſame Time to afford himſelf Matter of Merriment: He went into an Upholſterer's Shop, juſt at Hand, and aſked him whether he ſold Cloſe-Stools? The Man anſwered, Yes, and immediately ſhewed him one. *Have you none handſomer than this?* ſays *Rabelais*; *ſhew me ſome covered genteelly with different coloured Velvets.* While the Shopkeeper went backwards to fetch them, *Rabelais* let down his Breeches, and made uſe of that which was firſt brought to him. The Upholſterer returning with the others, and ſeeing him in ſuch a Poſture, called out, *Sir, Sir, What are you about? Only trying it*, anſwered *Rabelais*: Then putting up his Breeches, he walked away, ſaying, *They will not do for me; they are all too low.*

Another Time, upon a like Occaſion, the ſaid Jeſter went under a Gate-way, it being at Night, and eas'd himſelf in his Servant's Hat, and ordered the Fellow to walk before him with it under his Arm: The Maſter following at a little Diſtance, was reſolved to treat himſelf with a Laugh, at the Expence of a Baker, whoſe Shop he was juſt paſſing by. He went to the Baker, and told him (pointing to his Lacquey,) *That Fellow has ſtole a Loaf off your Bulk, and conceals it in his Hat, under his Arm.* Away ran the poor Baker after the Servant, and ſeizing the Hat, haſtily thruſt his Hand in, thinking to ſecure his Loaf; but his Senſes of Feeling and Smelling ſoon convinced him of his Diſappointment, to the great Mortification of the Baker, and to the no ſmall Entertainment of *Rabelais.*

The following, Mrs. *Pilkington* ſays, was her firſt Attempt in Poetry, that was not quite childiſh, and was written ſoon after her Marriage with Mr. *Pilkington*; when being on a Viſit to a Relation in the Country, one Day, when her Huſband returned from Shooting, of which Diverſion he was very fond, ſhe preſented him with

The Petition of the Birds.

AH! Shepherd, gentle Shepherd! ſpare
Us, plum'd Inhabitants of Air,
That hop and inoffenſive rove
From Tree to Tree, from Grove to Grove;
What Phrenzy has poſſeſt your Mind,
To be deſtructive of your Kind?

Admire

Admire not if we Kindred claim,
Our ſeparate Natures are the ſame;
To each of us thou ow'ſt a Part,
To grace thy Perſon, Head, or Heart:
The chaſte, the fond, the tender *Dove*,
Inſpires thy Breaſt with pureſt Love;
The tow'ring *Eagle* claims a part
In thy courageous, gen'rous Heart:
On thee the *Finch* beſtow'd a Voice,
To bid the raptur'd Soul rejoice:
The *Hawk* has given thee Eyes ſo bright,
They kindle Love and ſoft Delight;
Thy ſnowy Hue, and graceful Mien,
May in the ſtately *Swan* be ſeen;
The *Robin*'s Plumes afford the Red,
Which thy ſoft Lips and Cheeks beſpread;
Thy filial Piety and Truth,
The *Stork* beſtow'd to crown thy Youth.
Did we theſe ſeveral Gifts beſtow,
To give Perfection to a Foe?
Did we ſo many Virtues give,
To thee too fierce to let us live?
Suſpend your Rage, and ev'ry Grove,
Shall echo Songs of grateful Love.
Let Pity ſooth and ſway your Mind,
And be the Phœnix of Mankind.

The following Lines were the Means of Mrs. *Pilkington*'s being introduced to Dean *Swift*; an Honour which ſhe was very ambitious of; and therefore took an Opportunity of conveying them incloſed to Dr. *Delany*, who dined with the Dean on his Birth-Day.

To the Rev. Dr. SWIFT, *on his Birth-Day.*

WHILE I the God-like Men of old,
In Admiration wrapt, behold!
Rever'd Antiquity explore,
And turn the long-liv'd Volumes o'er,
Where *Cato*, *Plutarch*, *Flaccus* ſhine,
In ev'ry Excellence Divine;
I grieve that our degenerate Days,
Produce no mighty Souls like theſe;
Patriot, Philoſopher, and Bard,
Are Names unknown and ſeldom heard.—
Spare your Reflection, *Phœbus* cries,
'Tis as ungrateful as unwiſe;
Can you complain this ſacred Day,
That Virtues, or that Arts decay?
Behold in *Swift* reviv'd appears,
The Virtues of unnumber'd Years;
Behold in him with new Delight,
The Patriot, Bard, and Sage unite:
And know, *Ierne* in that Name,
Shall rival *Greece* and *Rome* in Fame.

Mrs. *Pilkington*'s Brother teized her one Evening to write ſome Verſes as a School Exerciſe for him. She aſked him what ſhe ſhould write upon. Why, ſaid he, pertly, what ſhould you write upon but *Paper*? So taking that for her Subject, ſhe wrote the following Lines:

O SPOTLESS Paper, fair and white!
On whom by Force conſtrain'd, I write,
How cruel am I to deſtroy
Thy Purity to pleaſe a Boy!

Ungrateful

Ungrateful I, thus to abuſe
The faireſt Servant of the Muſe.
Dear Friend, to whom I oft impart,
The choiceſt Secrets of my Heart;
Ah! what Atonement can be made
For ſpotleſs Innocence betray'd?
How fair, how lovely didſt thou ſhew,
Like lily'd Banks, or falling Snow!
But now, alas! become my Prey,
No Floods can waſh thy Stains away;
Yet this ſmall Comfort I can give,
That which deſtroy'd, ſhall make thee live.

It was the Cuſtom of Dean *Swift*'s Friends to ſend him ſome trifling Preſent on his Birth-Day. On one of theſe Anniverſaries Lord *Orrery* ſent him a Blank Paper Book, curiouſly bound; Dr. *Delany* preſented him, at the ſame Time, with a Silver Standiſh; and Mrs. *Pilkington* ſent him a fine Eagle-Quill, wrapt up in the following Lines.

Sent with a Quill to Dr. SWIFT, *on hearing he had received a* Book *and a* Standiſh.

SHALL then my Kindred all my Glory claim,
And boldly rob me of eternal Fame?
To ev'ry Art my gen'rous Aid I lend,
To Muſic, Painting, Poetry, a Friend.
'Tis I, celeſtial Harmony inſpire,
* When fix'd to ſtrike the ſweetly warbling Wire;
I to the faithful Canvas have conſign'd,
Each bright Idea of the Painter's Mind;
Behold from *Raphael*'s ſky-dipt Pencils riſe
Such heav'nly Scenes as charm the Gazer's Eyes.

* Quills of the Harpſichord.

O, let

O, let me now aſpire to higher Praiſe!
Ambitious to tranſcribe your deathleſs Lays;
Nor thou, immortal Bard, my Aid refuſe,
Accept me as the Servant of your Muſe;
Then ſhall the World my wondrous Worth declare,
And all Mankind your matchleſs Pen revere.

On Mrs. *Pilkington*'s Return from *England* to *Ireland*, ſhe ſays the Malevolent were unreaſonably ſevere upon her; and that though ſhe led the Life of a Recluſe, ſhe had every Day ſome new Story invented of her. If ſhe went out to take the Air, they ſaid ſhe had great Impudence to ſhew her Face; and if ſhe ſtaid at home, that ſhe was then in keeping with ſome Man, who confined her; and, in ſhort, ſhe could pleaſe No-body; which gave Riſe to the following Lines:

EXPOSTULATION.

O GOD! ſince all thy Ways are juſt,
Why does thy heavy Hand
So ſore afflict the wretched Duſt,
Thou didſt to Life command!
Thou ſpak'ſt the Word, the ſenſeleſs Clay
Was quicken'd with thy Breath,
Chearleſs to view the Beams of Day,
And ſeek the Shades of Death.
Through ev'ry Scene of Life diſtreſs'd,
As Daughter, Mother, Wife;
When wilt thou cloſe my Eyes in Reſt,
And take my weary Life?
To thee, Paſt, Preſent, and To come,
Are evermore the ſame;

Thou

Thou knew'ſt of all my Woes the Sum,
  Ere I my Thoughts could frame.
'Twas thou gav'ſt Paſſion to my Soul,
  And Reaſon alſo gave;
Why did'ſt thou not make Reaſon rule,
  And Paſſion be it's Slave?
O pardon me, thou Pow'r Divine!
  That thus I dare preſume
At thy Correction to repine,
  Or murmur at my Doom.
Lord! give me Penitence ſincere,
  For ev'ry Error paſt,
And though my Trials are ſevere,
  O give me Peace at laſt.

Mrs. *Pilkington* had been reading, one Evening, at the *Dean*'s Houſe, by his Command, ſome of his proſaic Works, when ſhe acquitted herſelf ſo well, that he ſaid he would give her a Glaſs of his beſt Wine; and ſent her Huſband into the Cellar for it. The Dean, in the mean Time, ſaid to her, "I would have every Man "write his own *Engliſh.*" --- To be ſure, Sir, (ſaid ſhe,) "that would be beſt."—"Ay, to be "ſure, Sir, (retorts the Dean,) you anſwer me, "and a P--x take you, I am ſure you do not un-"derſtand my Meaning."—"Very poſſible, Sir, (ſaid Mrs. *Pilkington*,) "but I certainly under-"ſtand my own when I have any." --- "Well, "then (ſays *Swift*) what do you underſtand by "writing one's own *Engliſh?*" --- Why, really, "Sir, (replied ſhe,) not to confine one's ſelf to "a Set of Phraſes, as ſome of our ancient Hiſ-"torians have done, but to make uſe of ſuch "Words as naturally occur on the Subject." --- "Huſh, (ſays he,) your Huſband is coming;

"and

" and I will put the ſame Queſtion to him." He did ſo; and Mr. *Pilkington* anſwered, " To be " ſure a Man ought to write good *Engliſh*." --- " Nay, but, (ſays the Dean,) his own *Engliſh*; " I ſay his own; what do you underſtand by " that?" --- " Why, Sir, (ſaid Mr. *Pilkington*) " what ſhould I underſtand?" *P--x on you for a Dunce* (ſays *Swift*) *were your Wife and you to ſit for a Fellowſhip, I would give her one, ſooner than admit you a Sizar.*

Mrs. *Pilkington* uſed to relate the following Matters of Merriment.

A *Frenchman*, who ſpoke very broken *Engliſh*, having ſome Words with his Wife, endeavoured to call her *Bitch*, but could not recollect the Name; at laſt he thought he had done it, by ſaying, *Begar, mine Deare, but you be one damn'd Dog's Wife.* Aye, that's true enough, anſwered the Woman, the more's my Misfortune.

A Man telling his Friend the Situation of his Affairs, with Regard to his Creditors, who were ſomewhat preſſing on him, ſaid that his Debts were moſtly in Fives and Sixes, (meaning ſo many Pounds.) *Well* (anſwers his good-natured Friend,) *ſince your Affairs are not at* Sixes and Sevens *yet, cheer up, I'll ſtand your Friend.*

A Gentleman, who was very moroſe and ill-natured at home in his Family, was remarkably facetious and merry abroad, inſomuch that he was more than ordinarily entertaining where-ever he went; which occaſioned a Lady once, at a merry Meeting where he was, to ſay to one preſent, who knew him well; *Surely, if that Gentleman is married, his Wife muſt be extremely happy; for he is quite* the Fiddle of the Company.

pany. *Very true, Madam,* (ſays the Perſon ſhe ſpoke to,) *but he always hangs his Fiddle up at the Door when he goes home.*

A Lady of Quality's Woman, who was mighty ignorant, and very much affected the Uſe of hard Words and odd Simile's, having been ſlighted by the *Valet-de-Chambre,* who had once made Love to her, ſhe encouraged the Addreſſes of the Butler, who offered himſelf as her Humble Servant; the Valet, notwithſtanding he had been very cool towards her before, could not bear to ſee a Rival, (a common Thing in Matters of Love) began to be ſweet upon her again; but Madam puſhed him away, with a ſecond-hand genteel Scorn, ſaying at the ſame Time, with an affected Air, *Pray forbear your* Redreſſes *to me, Fellow; it is true, I lov'd you once as if Heaven and Earth were coming together; but now I value you no more than an Apple's like an Oyſter.*

A Clergyman of a facetious Turn of Mind, who lived in *Suſſex,* a Coaſt on which Shipwrecks have frequently happened; and where, upon ſuch Occaſions, the Inhabitants, inſtead of aſſiſting the Unfortunate in their Diſtreſs, uſed to plunder all they could lay Hands on, and treat the People ill; and were ſo keen at the News of a Wreck, that they would leave all Manner of Buſineſs to plunder. A Misfortune of this Kind happening one *Sunday,* during the Time of Divine Service, the Alarm was given, *A Wreck! A Wreck!* upon which they began to ſcamper out with great Precipitation; which our Parſon perceiving, opened the Pulpit Door, and walking down the Stairs, called out at the ſame Time, with a loud Voice, *Brethren, let me intreat you to hear five Words more.* They turned about

with impatient Attention, to hear what the Preacher had to ſay; who making haſtily up to them, ſaid, *Let us all ſtart fair:* Which odd Behaviour had the deſired Effect; as he meant only to go with them, in order to prevent their abuſing the Ship's Crew, which often happened.

A Man paying a Viſit to ſome Friends in the North of *Ireland*, they made him very welcome, but cauſed him to drink ſo exceeding hard, that he wiſhed himſelf at home again, ſaying, *he was ſure that if he lived there* long, *he ſhould die* ſoon.

On a Benefit Night at the Playhouſe, many particular Friends of the Actor were let in at a private Door, before the great Doors were open; which when diſcovered, a Gentleman cried out, in a Paſſion, *It is a Shame they ſhould fill the Houſe full of People before any Body came.*

An Apothecary at *S------y*, who took great Pleaſure in humbugging the Country Fellows, or, in ſhort, any body elſe that was fit for his Purpoſe, paſſing through the Market-Place, ſaw a Fellow ſtanding idle, and gaping about him. *Honeſt Man*, (ſays he,) *you ſeem to have nothing to do; and if that is the Caſe, I can give you a little Employment, which you may do at your Leiſure.* The Fellow ſcratching his Head, made his Scrape, and thanked him for the Favour intended. The Apothecary then proceeded to tell him, that in his Way of Practice he had Occaſion to uſe large Black Rats, and it was a hard Matter to procure them in Town; therefore if he (the Countryman) would make it his Buſineſs to hunt for them in the Barns, Malthouſes, &c. in the Country, he would give him Half a Crown a-piece for as many as he could get. The Fellow,

low, quite overjoyed at the News of ſo profitable an Employment, was in Haſte to be gone, and, after taking the Apothecary's Direction, marched off with great Expedition. The Apothecary, on his Part, was full as well pleaſed at the Fellow's ſwallowing the Hum ſo greedily; and immediately went to communicate the Laugh to his Friends. In ſhort, in about a Fortnight after, the poor Countryman came to the Apothecary's Houſe, laden with a Sack full of Rats, and addreſſing himſelf to him, told him he had at length got together as large a Quantity of Rats as he could, and that they were alive, and in good Condition. The Apothecary, who had practiſed many little Matters of Merriment of the ſame Kind, ſince he had ſet this Affair on Foot, had quite forgot it; however, being always ready to carry on a Joke, he told the Fellow, that he had delayed procuring them ſo long, that he had been obliged to furniſh himſelf elſewhere, and that at preſent he himſelf had no Occaſion for them, but recommended him to one of the ſame Profeſſion in Town, who, he pretended would be glad to buy them. Away trudges the Countryman, but to no Purpoſe, for the Perſon he was directed to made the ſame Excuſe, and ſent him to another; and as they were all in the Secret, the poor Fellow was bandied about from one to another almoſt the whole Day, lugging the wicked Load from Place to Place. At length the Fellow, perceiving that he was only made a Fool of, returned to the Apothecary who employed him to catch the Rats, and told him, that all the Gentlemen he had been with, were provided; and that rather than loſe his Labour, he would ſell them for a Shilling

a-piece. The Apothecary anſwered, that for his Part he had enough already: The Man then told him, he ſhould have them for Six-pence each; but the other ſtill urged that he was ſupplied. *Well*, (ſays the Fellow,) *ſince you will not buy them, ſooner than carry them any farther, I will make you a Preſent of them*; ſo opening the Sack, he let out all the Rats in the Shop: The Creatures, looſed from Confinement, in a ſtrange Place, flew and tore about the Shop and Parlour at a wicked Rate, deſtroying Bottles, Glaſſes, Gallipots, China, &c. to the great Mortification of the Apothecary, and to the high Satisfaction of the Country Fellow. In ſhort, the former has not, ſince that Time, been ſo keen at humbugging as uſual; and the latter preſently *ſmells a Rat*, when People endeavour to impoſe upon him.

A Gentleman having made an Entertainment for ſome Friends, one of the Servants carrying a Neat's Tongue up Stairs to the Dining-Room, he ſtumbled, and the Tongue ſlipt out of the Diſh; the Maſter hearing the Clatter, went to the Stair-head to know the Cauſe, which being informed of, was ſomewhat angry; but the Fellow begg'd Pardon, and ſaid, he hoped he ſhould be excuſed, as it was only a *Lapſus Linguæ*, (a Slip of the Tongue;) which facetious Turn ſo pleaſed the Gentleman and his Company, that his Wit was rewarded by the Gift of a Shilling a-piece from all preſent. Another waiting at Table at the ſame Time, and ſeeing the Reward conferred on his Fellow-Servant, remembering the Words, was determined to try his Luck, and accordingly being ſent up with a Sir-Loin of Beef, he ſtumbled on Purpoſe, and the Joint

Joint fell out of the Diſh; which greatly provoked the Gentleman; when the ignorant Blockhead ſaid it was only a *Lapſus Linguæ*; for which he got a hearty Drubbing, and was kick'd down Stairs.

Two Citizens diſputing which of them was the beſt Scholar, one told the other he would lay him a Wager, he did not know what was *Latin* for a Gooſe. *Perhaps not*, (anſwered the other,) *but if my Son was here, he would give you an immediate* Anſer, (which is *Latin* for a Gooſe.)

A Gentleman ſeeing another, ſitting in a Neceſſary-Houſe, with a Book in his Hand reading very attentively, ſaid, he was ſorry his Memory was ſo bad, that he could not *ſh—te without Book.*

The Earl of *C-------d*, a Nobleman of too much Fortitude and Greatneſs of Soul to be ſhaken with every Breath, was in *Ireland* during the late Rebellion in *Scotland*, and one Morning, when it was reported that the *Roman* Catholicks were about to riſe, a Gentleman ran into his Chamber very abruptly, *My Lord, my Lord, we're undone*, ſays he, *all* Ireland *are expected to be up immediately. Why, what's o'Clock?* ſays the Nobleman. *Ten, my Lord*, anſwered the Gentleman. *Well then, truly*, ſays his Lordſhip, very calmly, *I'll get up myſelf, for I think every Man ſhould be up at ten o'Clock.*

The ſame Nobleman being informed by ſome officious Perſon, that his Coachman went to Maſs, he anſwered, with a Smile, *Does he ſo, well I promiſe you he ſhall never drive me there.*

A Dog running open-mouth'd at a Serjeant on a March, he ran the Spear of his Halbert down his Throat, and killed him on the Spot. The Owner coming out, raved extremely at the Death

of his Dog, and aſked the Serjeant, why he could not as well have ſtruck him with the blunt End of the Halbert? *So I would*, ſaid the Serjeant, *if he had run at me with his Tail foremoſt.*

VERSES *written by Mrs.* PILKINGTON *in a* LIBRARY.

SEAT for Contemplation fit,
Sacred Nurſery for Wit!
Let me here enwrapt with Pleaſure,
Taſte the Sweets of learned Leiſure;
Vain deceitful World adieu;
I more ſolid Bliſs purſue.

Faithful Friends ſurround me here,
Wiſe, delightful, and ſincere;
Friends who never yet betray'd
Thoſe who truſted in their Aid;
Friends, who ne'er were known to ſhun
Thoſe by adverſe Fate undone.

Calm Philoſophy and Truth,
Crown'd with undecaying Youth,
Glowing with celeſtial Charms,
Fondly woo me to their Arms.
Here immortal Bards diſpenſe,
Poliſh'd Numbers, nervous Senſe;
While the juſt Hiſtorian's Page,
Back recalls the diſtant Age;
In whoſe Paintings we behold,
All the wond'rous Men of old;
Heroes fill each finiſh'd Piece,
Once the Pride of *Rome* and *Greece.*

Nor ſhall *Greece* and *Rome* alone,
Boaſt the Virtues all their own;
Thou, *Ierne*, thou ſhalt claim
Sons among the Heirs of Fame;

Patriots,

Patriots who undaunted ſtood,
To defend the publick Good;
Foremoſt in the Sacred Line,
Ever ſhall the DRAPER ſhine.
Next be virtuous STANNARD plac'd,
With unfading Honours grac'd;
Godlike Men! accept my Praiſe,
Guard and elevate my Lays.
Learning can the Soul refine,
Raiſe from Human to Divine.
Come then, all ye Sacred Dead,
Who for Virtue wrote or bled;
On my Mind intenſely beam,
Touch it with your hallow'd Flame.
And thou chaſte and lovely Muſe,
Who didſt once thy Dwelling chuſe
In *Orinda*'s ſpotleſs Breaſt,
Condeſcend to be my Gueſt;
Bring with thee the blooming Pair,
Young-ey'd Health, and Virtue fair;
Here your pureſt Rays impart,
So direct and guide my Heart,
That it may a Temple be,
Worthy Heav'n, and worthy thee.

FLAVIA'S *Birth-Day, May* 16.

To Miſs HOADLEY.

By the ſame.

WHILST thy fond Friends their annual Tribute pay,
And hail thee Daughter of the fragrant May;
Whilſt they behold, with Rapture and Surprize,
New Charms enrich thy Soul and point thine Eyes;
Ah!

Ah! let the Muſe her ſecret Joy declare,
Attend her Tranſports and her Words revere:
She looks on Time, and with prophetic Eyes,
Sees him, for thee, ſtrew Bleſſings as he flies;
And, whilſt all other Beauties he impairs,
Adds new Perfection to thy ripen'd Years;
Till ev'ry Year improv'd with ev'ry Grace,
You ſhine unrivall'd both in Mind and Face.
So the ſame Sun with unreſiſted Pow'r,
Burns the wide Lawn, and animates the Flow'r;
Bids it unfold it's Beauties, and delight
With Sweets the Senſe, with ſunny Dyes the Sight:
Bids it, like you, each Hour new Grace aſſume,
And ſmile, unmatch'd, in Lovelineſs and Bloom.

The following Pieces were introduced in the Firſt Edition of this Book, though not written by Mrs. *Pilkington*, in order to form a more pleaſing Variety; and as that Edition met with a very favourable Reception from the Publick, the Editor has inſerted them here, before he proceeds to lay before the Reader ſome further Anecdotes, Witticiſms, &c. &c. of the inimitable Dean *Swift*.

The IMPARTIAL DECISION, *or* Lex Talionis.

A YOUNG Fellow, walking through the Streets of *Paris*, chanced to eſpy a Purſe with Money in it lying near a Church Door, which he joyfully pocketed; and ſoon after meeting with ſome Friends he acquainted them with his good Fortune, and invited them to take a Glaſs with him on the chearful Occaſion, at an adjacent Tavern,

Tavern, which they readily accepted. In the mean time the Man who had loſt the Purſe, making careful and diligent Enquiry, got Intelligence of the Manner of its being found, and where the Perſon was who found it.

Away flies the Owner of the Purſe to a proper Officer, who attended him to the Place where theſe merry Blades were regaling over a Bottle; and demanded if any one there had found a Purſe.

The preſent Poſſeſſor had not Aſſurance enough to deny the Fact, but readily pulls it out, and tendered it to the Owner, begs the Favour of him to tell his Money over, and aſſures him, that there was but one Crown melted, which was metamorphoſed into Claret, for the Entertainment of himſelf and Friends.

The Gentleman inſiſted on Reſtitution to a Farthing. The Delinquent not having any Money in his Pocket, to anſwer the Demand, the whole Houſe was in an Uproar.

The Conſtable attempted to ſecure him, but the young Fellow being ſtrong and active, got from him, ran out of the Houſe, and the Conſtable, &c. after him. Croſſing the Street in his haſty Flight, he unluckily ran againſt a Tradeſman's Wife, who was big with Child, which threw her down, and greatly frightened her.

He ſtill continued his Flight, and ſeeing a Ladder, which ſtood againſt a Houſe then repairing, he ran up it, but the Conſtable ſhaking it below when the other was near the Top, he tumbled down upon him, and broke the Conſtable's Arm.

Being

Being now ſecured, he was carried before a Magiſtrate, where all the Sufferers appeared in a Body againſt him. He that loſt his Purſe, the Huſband of the big-bellied Woman, and the Conſtable with his broken Arm. All loudly inveterate againſt the young Fellow, in hopes of getting themſelves rewarded, and him puniſhed.

The Juſtice well weighing the Allegations, thought the Man not very culpable, but that the Diſaſters which had happened were rather the Effects of mere Accident than a bad Diſpoſition, he thus ſettled the Affair:

That ſince the Priſoner had embezzled Part of the Proſecutor's Money, and that the latter had refuſed the Remainder, he (the Priſoner) ſhould keep what he had, 'till he was able and willing to reſtore the whole. Then turning to the Huſband of the Woman with Child, he told him that if his Wife was dangerouſly hurt, the Priſoner ſhould pay the Phyſician, and if ſhe ſhould miſcarry, he ſhould be obliged to cohabit with her, till ſhe was was as far gone with Child, as ſhe was before her Miſcarriage; and as to Mr. Conſtable, whoſe Heart was ready to burſt with Anger and Avarice, the Juſtice told him, that according to the Law of *Lex Talionis*, he might, if he pleaſed, aſcend the Ladder, and tumble down upon the Priſoner and break his Arm in the ſame Manner. This impartial Deciſion pleaſed all the Hearers except the Complainants, who were horridly chagrined at being diſappointed of the Fines they expected would be levied on the young Fellow.

The SWEARER RECLAIMED; *or a pleaſant Way of working the Reformation of a Sinner. From the* French.

THREE merry Companions being met together to ſpend an Evening; after Supper, they ſat down to play at Hazard. One of them had acquired a Habit of Swearing to ſuch a Degree, that he could hardly forbear it in common Converſation, but if any Way provoked, would ſwear immoderately. It fell out that Luck run againſt him, and at every Throw he loſt; he curſed and blaſphemed in ſuch a ſhocking Manner, that his Companions were frightened to hear him, and the more they reprehended him, the more he ſwore. At length, having loſt all his Money, he drew towards the Fire, and ſoon after fell faſt aſleep. The other two, who ſtill continued their Play, hearing him ſnore, they contrived an innocent Device to reclaim him, if poſſible, from ſwearing for the future. They put out the Candles, and extinguiſhed the Fire, ſo that there was not a Spark of Light to be ſeen; and then pretended to diſpute about a Throw which they feigned to be doubtful. They made ſuch a Noiſe in their ſham Quarrel, that their Companion ſtarted from his Sleep, rubbing his Eyes and ſeeing no Light, aſked how they could play without a Candle. Poh, Poh, ſaid they, you are not awake yet, and pretended to play on without regarding him. Juſt as he was doſing a ſecond Time, they feigned another Diſpute on the Caſt of a Dye, and waked him to decide it. He opened his Eyes, but ſtill ſeeing no Light, he ſaid, How would you have

have me judge when there is no Candle to ſee by; Pſhaw, ſaid they, rub your Eyes: Which he did ſeveral Times, and wiſhed the Devil might fetch him if he could ſee the leaſt Glimmering. They counterfeited great Aſtoniſhment, and aſked him ſeriouſly if he was not making Game. He anſwered, Let me die if I am. Reach the Candle, ſays one of the Humbuggers to the other, which he held before the Fellow's Eyes, unlighted, and aſked him if he ſaw the Candle; he proteſted he did not; they ſeemed wonderfully ſurprized, and aſſured him his Eyes to all Appearance looked clear and well. The Man now began to be terrified; which his Companions perceiving, were reſolved to improve: Ah, ſays one of them, It is to be feared, that the horrid Blaſphemies you have uttered againſt Heaven, has brought down this Judgment of Blindneſs upon you. The Fellow cried and roared bitterly, and prayed Forgiveneſs of his Sins, which his Companions earneſtly recommended to him, and leading him to a Bed in the Room, took their Leave. He ſighed, groaned, vowed, and prayed the greater Part of the Night; made very ſolemn Promiſes of abandoning his Sins; and at laſt fell aſleep. When he awaked in the Morning, juſt about Peep of Day, he thought his Sight was returning by Degrees, in Conſequence of his Prayers and Vows; this Opinion his Friends agreed with him in, ſo that he really thought a Miracle had been wrought on him. In ſhort, he entirely left off ſwearing, and led a good and virtuous Life.

PULGAH *to his Daughter* SHUAL;

An EPISTLE *written before the* Deluge.

THOU beſt beloved of all my Daughters! obſerve the Precepts of thy Father: Learn Wiſdom from his Experience. Tho', like the Cedars planted at thy Nativity, thou art now in the full Bloom of Youth and Beauty, and haſt ſeen but one hundred and fifty Years; yet betimes conſider, that thou waſt born to die, and muſt, like them, decay and periſh, and return to Duſt. How ſhort is life! what are ſeven or eight hundred Years, which few exceed, if no Accidents cut them off before! And to what numerous Accidents is Life expoſed! Thy Mother dy'd in bearing Thee, juſt in her Prime and Vigour, when ſhe had ſcarce reach'd four hundred Years; of one hundred and ſixty Children which ſhe left me, but ninety now remain; the reſt are all as if they had never been. Remember this; and in Youth be mindful of thy Duty to that inviſible and uncreated Being, who, after this tranſitory Exiſtence, can make thee live for evermore. Let not the Flatteries of Men ſwell thee up with Vanity and Pride, nor believe them when they call thy Charms immortal. They tell thee what is not; a little while will aſſuredly prove them Liars; for Nothing more certainly takes its Flight than Beauty. Many whom now thou ſeeſt decay'd and withered, not above two or three hundred Years ago, were as thou art now, admired and courted. Learn then from them what thou ſhalt be; and ſince Beauty will not continue, improve thy

Mind with Piety and Virtue: Thus ſhalt thou be always lovely. My Days paſt are eight-hundred and twenty Years, and ſoon muſt I lie down in Darkneſs with my Fathers *Enoch*, *Sethos*, and *Addamah*, the unbegotten and firſt of Men. The Earth aroſe from *Chaos* but fifteen hundred Years ago, and yet all theſe are dead: I too muſt follow, and you muſt do the ſame. Every Thing I ſee informs me of Mortality: Trees planted at my Birth are long ago converted into Duſt: Marble hewn from the hard Rocks, and Metals taken from the Mine, in my Remembrance, are worn out and moulder'd quite away: Houſes have been thrice rebuilt ſince I laid their firſt Foundations: Mountains are ſunk into the Vallies, and Rivers have chang'd their Courſe within my Memory. Nothing can endure for ever, but he who had no Beginning: Mankind muſt be caſt again in the Womb of Nature, as well as Stones and Metals. At preſent thou art young and beautiful; but Age and Death muſt come. Of this be always mindful, and puff not thyſelf with Pride, nor waſte thy Days in Fooliſhneſs; for Time can never be recalled; once gone, 'tis gone for evermore.

I doubt not but my gentle Readers will think it exceeding ſtrange, that People who had lived ſo many hundred Years, ſhould be ſo ſollicitous about the Uſe of Time, and talk of Dying; whereas our Beaux and modern Ladies (tho' Life is ſhortened to leſs than a tenth Part) find more of it on their Hands than they well know what to do with, and ſquander it away as if they were to live for ever.

A LOVE LETTER *from a Country School-maſter, to the Miſtreſs of his Affections.*

Dear MADAM,

IF there be yet no *Propoſition* towards a *Conjunction* with you, be pleas'd to accept of this *Interjection* of my Pretences: For I do *Pronouns ad Verbum*, that I deſire to be *Adjective* to you in all *Caſes*; for *Poſitively* I declare, that *Comparatively* ſpeaking, I ſhould be *Superlatively* happy, might I *Engender* with you in all *Moods* and *Tenſes*. I hope you will not think me ſo *Singular*, as not to deſire to have the *Plural Number* in my Family; or that I am too *Maſculine*, to be *Neuter* in regard to the *Feminine*: Wherefore, dear Madam, let us have our Affections in *Common of Two*. Far be it from you to *decline* this *Conjugation*, tho' I am not the *Firſt Perſon*, nor the *Second*, nor the *Third*, that hath ſollicited you to be *Subjective* to his Love. I preſume you will not be in the *Imperative*, whilſt I paſs from the *Optative* to the *Potential*; and that you will permit me to make a *Conjunction Copulative* of my *Propria Maribus* in your *As in Præſenti*; this will make a *Participle* of Happineſs, if you pleaſe *Actively* to give your *Voice* to be *Paſſive* herein: Be you but *Supine*, and I'll be *Deponent*: Thus you will find it the *Optative* Part of my Soul, to be a lawful *Concord* with the *Genitive*; my whole Income ſhall be a *Dative* to you for the *Preſent*: Nothing ſhall be *Accuſative* againſt you for the *Future*; and your dear Name ſhall ever be my *Vocative*, till Death, the great *Ablative* of all Things, part us.

I am, dear MADAM,
Your moſt obſequious Admirer.

The Diſmal Effects of FORCED MARRIAGES.
A melancholy TALE.

The following remarkable Story has its Foundation in Fact, and is ſtill preſerved in a curious Painting in Coucy-Caſtle *in* France; *(notwithſtanding ſuch a long Succeſſion of Years,) quite freſh to this Day.*

ABOVE a hundred Years ago, there dwelt in *France* one Captain *Coucy*, a gallant Gentleman, of ancient and noble Extraction, and Keeper of *Coucy* Caſtle, which is yet ſtanding, and in good Repair. He fell in Love with a young Lady, and paid her honourable Courtſhip: There was a reciprocal Affection between them; but her Parents having a more advantageous Match in View, forcibly married her to one Monſieur *Fayel*, who was a Man of immenſe Fortune, but no way agreeable to the young Lady. Capt. *Coucy*, upon this diſagreeable Event, immediately quitted *France*; and the Lady, who was now Mademoiſelle *Fayel*, laboured under continual Diſcontent of Mind. Capt. *Coucy* went to the Wars in *Hungary* againſt the *Turks*, and in the Battle near *Buda* received a mortal Wound. Being carried to his Quarters, he languiſhed a few Days, and then expired: But a little before his Death, he called an old, truſty Servant to the Bed-ſide, and told him that he had had many Proofs of his Fidelity and Truth, but now he had a great Concern to entruſt him with, which he conjured him by all Means to execute; which was, that after his Death he ſhould get his Body

Body opened, and then take his Heart out, and put it in an earthen Pot to be baked to Powder; then to put the Powder into a handſome Box, with a Bracelet of Hair that he had long worn about his Wriſt (which was a Lock of Mademoiſelle *Fayel*'s,) together with a Note he had written with his own Blood to her; and after he had given him the Rites of Burial, to make all the Speed he could to *France*, and deliver the ſaid Box to Mademoiſelle *Fayel*. The faithful Servant did as his departed Maſter had commanded, and ſo went to *France*; and going into Monſ. *Fayel*'s Houſe, he was ſeen by that Gentleman, who knowing him to be Captain *Coucy*'s Servant, examined what his Buſineſs was; and finding him equivocate, and faulter in his Speech, ordered him to be ſearched; and the little Box, with the Powder, Bracelet, and Note, were found upon him. The Bearer was diſmiſſed with Menaces, and charged not to come near the Houſe for the future.

Monſ. *Fayel* immediately ſent for his Cook, and delivered him the Powder, charging him to make a little well-reliſhed Diſh of it, without loſing a Jot of it, for it was a very coſtly thing; and commanded him to bring it in himſelf, after the laſt Courſe at Supper. The Cook brought in the Diſh accordingly, and Monſ. *Fayel* ordered all but his Wife to leave the Room, and began a ſerious Diſcourſe with her; telling her, that he had obſerved that ſhe had a continual Melancholy rooted in her Heart; that he ſaw ſhe had been conſtantly pining ever ſince her Marriage; and that he plainly perceived ſhe was entering into a Conſumption; therefore he had provided a very precious Cordial, which he was well aſ-

ſured would cure her. At his Entreaty ſhe took the little Preparation, and eat it; and afterwards ſhe much importuning him to know what it was, he told her ſhe had eaten *Coucy*'s Heart, and ſo drew the Box out of his Pocket, and ſhewed her the Letter and the Bracelet. In a ſudden Exultation of gloomy Joy, ſhe cried out, *This is a precious Cordial, indeed!* and eagerly lick'd the Diſh; ſaying, *It is ſo precious, that 'tis pity that any Meat ſhould ever be put upon it.* So ſhe went to Bed, and in the Morning was found dead.

The ſhocking Conſequences ariſing from JEALOUSY. *Founded on Fact.*

DON *Alonzo*, a *Spaniſh* Nobleman, had a beautiful and virtuous Wife, with whom he had lived for ſome Years in great Tranquillity. The Gentleman, however, was not freed from the Faults uſually imputed to that Nation; he was proud, jealous, and impetuous. He kept a *Moor* in his Houſe, whom, on a Complaint from his Lady, he had puniſhed, for a ſmall Offence, with the utmoſt Severity. The Slave vowed Revenge, and communicated his Reſolution to one of the Lady's Women, with whom he lived in a criminal Way. This Creature alſo hated her Miſtreſs, for ſhe feared ſhe was obſerved by her; ſhe therefore undertook to make Don *Alonſo* jealous, by inſinuating that the Gardener was often admitted to his Lady in private, and promiſing to make him an Eye-Witneſs of it. At a proper Time agreed on between her and the *Moriſco*, ſhe ſent a Meſſage to the Gardener, that his Lady having ſome haſty Orders to give him, would have him come that Moment to her in her

her Chamber. In the mean Time ſhe had placed *Alonſo* privately in an outer Room, that he might obſerve who paſſed that Way. It was not long before he ſaw the Gardener appear. *Alonſo* had not Patience, but following him into the Apartment, ſtruck him at one Blow with a Dagger to the Heart; then dragging his Lady by the Hair, without enquiring further, he inſtantly killed her.

Here he pauſed, looking on the dead Bodies with all the Agitations of a Dæmon of Revenge; when the Wench who had occaſioned theſe Terrors, diſtracted with Remorſe, threw herſelf at his Feet, and in a Voice of Lamentation, without Senſe of the Conſequence, repeated all her Guilt. *Alonſo* was overwhelmed with all the violent Paſſions at one Inſtant, and uttering the broken Voices and Motions of each of them, for a Moment, till at laſt he recollected himſelf enough to end his Agony of Love, Anger, Diſdain, Revenge, and Remorſe, by murdering the Maid, the *Moor*, and himſelf.

The SPECIFICK; *or a* CORDIAL *for the* LADIES.

MISS *Molly*, a fam'd Toaſt, was fair and young,
Had Wealth and Charms,--but then ſhe had a Tongue!
From Morn to Night th' eternal Larum rung,
Which often loſt thoſe Hearts her Eyes had won.
Sir *John* was ſmitten, and confeſs'd his Flame,
Sigh'd out the uſual Time, then wed the Dame:
Poſſeſs'd

Poſſeſs'd he thought of every Joy of Life;
But his dear *Molly* prov'd a very Wife.
Exceſs of Fondneſs did in Time decline;
Madam lov'd Money, and the *Knight* lov'd Wine,
From whence ſome petty Diſcords would ariſe,
As, *You're a Fool*:---and, *You are mighty wiſe!*
Tho' he and all the World allow'd her Wit,
Her Voice was ſhrill and rather loud than ſweet.
When ſhe began,—for Hat and Sword he'd call,
Then after a faint Kiſs,---Cry, B'ye, dear *Moll*,
Supper and Friends expect me at the *Roſe*;
And, what, Sir *John*, you'll get your uſual Doſe!
Go, ſtink of Smoke, and guzzle naſty Wine:
Sure never virtuous Love was us'd like mine!
Oft, as the watchful Bellman march'd his Round,
At a freſh Bottle gay Sir *John* he found:
By four, the Knight would get his Buſineſs done,
And only then reel'd off, becauſe alone;
Full well he knew the diſmal Storm to come,
But, arm'd with *Bourdeaux*, he durſt venture home.
My Lady with her Tongue was ſtill prepar'd;
She rattled loud, and he impatient heard;
'Tis a fine Hour! In a ſweet Pickle made!
And this, Sir *John*, is ev'ry Night the Trade.
Here I ſit moping all the live-long Night,
Devour'd with Spleen, and Stranger to Delight;
'Till Morn ſends ſtagg'ring Home a drunken Beaſt,
Reſolv'd to break my Heart, as well as Reſt.
Hey! Hoop! d'ye hear my damn'd obſtrep'-rous Spouſe?
What! can't you find one Bed about the Houſe?
Will that perpetual Clack lye never ſtill?
That Rival to the Softneſs of the Mill?

Some

Some Couch and diſtant Room muſt be my Choice,
Where I may ſleep uncurs'd with Wife and Noiſe.
Long this uncomfortable Life they led,
With ſnarling Meals, and each a ſeparate Bed.
To an old Uncle oft ſhe would complain,
Beg his Advice, and ſcarce from Tears refrain.
Old *Wiſewood* ſmoak'd the Matter as it was,
Cheer up, cry'd he, and I'll remove the Cauſe.
A wond'rous Spring within my Garden flows,
Of ſovereign Virtue, chiefly to compoſe
Domeſtic Jars, and Matrimonial Strife,
The beſt Elixir t' appeaſe Man and Wife;
Stange are th' Effects, the Qualities divine;
'Tis Water call'd, but worth its Weight in Wine.
If in his ſullen Airs Sir *John* ſhould come,
Three Spoonfuls take, hold in your Mouth,—— then Mum:
Smile, and look pleas'd, when he ſhall rage and ſcold,
Still in your Mouth the healing Cordial hold.
One Month this ſympathetic Med'cine try'd,
He'll grow a Lover, you a happy Bride.
But, deareſt Niece, keep this grand Secret cloſe,
Or ev'ry prattling Huſſey'll beg a Doſe.
A Water-bottle's brought for her relief;
Not *Nants* would ſooner eaſe the Lady's Grief:
Her buſy Thoughts are on the Trial bent,
And Female-like impatient for th' Event.
The bonny *Knight* reels home exceeding clear,
Prepar'd for Clamour, and Domeſtick War,
Entring, he cries,---Hey! Where's our Thunder fled?
No Hurricane! *Betty*'s your Lady dead?
Madam, aſide, an ample Mouthful takes,
Curt'ſies, looks kind, but not a Word ſhe ſpeaks:
Wond'ring

Wond'ring he ſtar'd, ſcarcely his Eyes believ'd,
But found his Ears agreeably deceiv'd:
Why how now, *Molly*, What's the Crotchet now?
She ſmiles, and anſwers only with a Bow.
Then claſping her about.---Why, let me die!
Theſe Night-cloaths, *Moll*, become thee mightily?
With that, he ſigh'd, her Hand began to preſs,
And *Betty* calls, her Lady to undreſs.
Nay, kiſs me, *Molly*,---for I'm much inclin'd---
Her Lace ſhe cuts, to take him in the Mind.
Thus the fond Pair to Bed enamour'd went,
The Lady pleas'd, and the good *Knight* content.
For many Days theſe fond Endearments paſs'd:
The reconciling Bottle falls at laſt;
'Twas us'd and gone.---Then Midnight Storms aroſe,
And Looks and Words the Union diſcompoſe.
Her Coach is ordered, and Poſt-haſte ſhe flies
To beg her Uncle for ſome freſh Supplies;
Tranſported does the ſtrange Effects relate,
Her *Knight*'s Converſion, and her happy State!
Why, Niece, ſays he,---I prithee apprehend;
The Water's Water:---Be thyſelf thy Friend;
Such Beauty would the coldeſt Huſband warm,
But your provoking Tongue undoes the Charm:
Be ſilent, and complying,---Soon you'll find,
Sir *John* without a Med'cine, will be kind.

The SQUIRE *and* FARMER, *a Tale; Or the Jokers joked.*

A FARMER once to *London* went,
To pay the worthy *Squire* his Rent,
He comes, he knocks, ſoon Entrance gains;
(Who, at the Door ſuch Gueſts detains?)
Out ſtruts the 'Squire exceeding ſmart;
" Farmer, you're welcome to my Heart.
" You've brought my Rent, then?—To a Hair,—
" The beſt of Tenants, I declare."
The Steward call'd, Accounts made even,
The Money paid, Receipt was given.
" Well (quoth the Squire) now you ſhall ſtay,
" And dine with me, old Friend, To-day;
" I've here ſome Ladies wondrous pretty,
" And pleaſant Sparks; I warr'nt they'll fit ye."
He ſcratch'd his Ears, and held his Hat,
And ſaid, " No, Zur, two Words to that;
" For, look, d'ye zee; when I'ſe do dine
" With Gentlevokes zoo cruel vine,
" I'd uſe to make (and 'tis no Wonder)
" In Word or Deed, ſome deadly Blunder:
" Zoo, if your Honour will permit,
" I'll with your Zarvants pick a Bit."
" Pooh! (ſays the Squire) it ſhan't be done,"
And to the Parlour puſh'd him on.
To all around he nods and ſcrapes.
Nor Waiting-Maid nor Butler ſcapes.
With often bidding, takes his Seat;
But at a Diſtance mighty great;
Tho' often aſk'd to draw his Chair,
He nods, nor comes one Inch more near:
By Madam ſerv'd, with Body bended,
With Knife and Fork, and Arms extended,

He

He reaches out, as far as able
To Plate that over-hung the Table.
With little Morſels cheats his Chops,
And ſome, alas! in' th' Paſſage drops.
To ſhew where moſt his Heart inclin'd,
He talk'd, and drank to *John* behind.
When drank to in the modiſh Way,
—"Your Love's ſufficient, Zur,"—he'd ſay;
And to be thought a Man of Manners,
Still roſe, to make his aukward Honours.
—"Piſh, ſays the Squire, pray keep your ſitting.
"No, no, (he cries) Zur, 'tis not vitting,
"Tho'f I'm no Schollard, vars'd in Letters,
"I'ſe know my Duty to my Betters."
Much Mirth the Farmer's Ways afford,
And hearty Laughs go round the Board.
Thus, the firſt Courſe was ended well:
But, at the next, ah! what befel!
The Diſhes now were nicely plac'd,
And Table with freſh Lux'ry grac'd,
When drank to by a neighb'ring Charmer,
Up, as was uſual, ſtands the Farmer.
A Wag, to carry on the Joke,
Thus to the Servant ſoftly ſpoke.
"Come hither, *Dick*, ſtep gently there,
"And pull away the Farmer's Chair."
'Tis done,---his Congee made, the Clown
Draws back, and ſtoops to ſit him down;
But by Poſteriors over-weigh'd,
And of his truſty Seat betray'd,
As Men at Twigs in River ſprawling,
He catch'd the Cloth to ſave his falling:
In vain, ſad Fortune! down he wallow'd,
And, rattling all the Diſhes follow'd.
The Foplings loſt their little Wits;
The Ladies ſquall'd; ſome fell in Fits:

Here

Here tumbled Turkies, Tarts, and Pigeons,
And there Minc'd-pies, and Geeſe, and Widgeons.
Large Floods of Butter float around him,
And Gravy-Sauce had almoſt drown'd him;
A Pear-pie on his Belly drops,
A Cuſtard-pudding meets his Chops.
What ſad ado 'twixt Belles and Beaux!
Some curſe—ſome cry—and rub their Cloaths:
This Lady raves, and That looks down,
And weeps and wails her ſpatter'd Gown:
One Spark bemoans brocaded Waiſtcoat;
One (ſwearing) cries, "he's ſpoilt my Lac'd Coat."
Amid the Rout, the Farmer long
The Pudding ſuck'd, and held his Tongue.
At length he gets him on his Breech,
And ſcrabbles up to make his Speech.
Firſt ſcrapes Eyes, Mouth, and Noſtrils twangs,
Then ſmacks his Fingers, and harangues;
" I'ſe twold my Maiſter how 'two'd be;
" Look, here's a Pickle; Zurs, d'ye zee:
" But for my zel' I'ſe did not care,
" 'Tis worſe for you fine Gentry there.
" I matter not if mine be zoil'd,
" But your Cloaths, ſurely, will be ſpoil'd.
" And ſome, I'll warr'nt, that make this Chatter,
" Have Clothers dawb'd with Greaſe and Batter,
" That coſt"---He had gone on; but here
Was ſtopt at once in his Career.
" Peace, Brute, begone," the Ladies cry:
The Beaux exclaim, " Fly, Raſcal, fly."
At this the Farmer ſhrinks for fear;
And thinking 'twas ill tarrying here,
Shabs off, and ſays, " Aye, kill me then,
" Whene'er you catch me here agen."
So home he jogs, and leaves the Squire
To cool the Sparks and Ladies Ire.

Here ends my Tale; and now I'll try,
Like *Prior*, ſomething to apply.
This may teach Rulers of a Nation,
Not to place Men above their Station;
And this may ſhew the wanton Wit,
That while he bites, he may be bit.

MARRIAGE *A-la-mode*; *or the* PENITENT PRUDE. *By Dean* SWIFT.

DESPONDING *Phyllis* was endu'd
With ev'ry Talent of a Prude:
She trembled when a Man drew near;
Salute her, and ſhe turn'd her Ear:
If o'er-againſt her you were plac'd,
She durſt not look above your Waiſt:
She'd rather take you to her Bed,
Than let you ſee her dreſs her Head:
In Church, ſecure behind her Fan,
She durſt behold that Monſter, MAN;
There practis'd how to place her Head,
And bit her Lips to make them red;
Or, on the Mat devoutly kneeling,
Would lift her Eyes up to the Cieling,
And heave her Boſom, unaware,
For neighb'ring Beaux to ſee it bare.
At length, a lucky Lover came,
And found Admittance to the Dame.
Suppoſe all Parties now agreed,
The Writings drawn, the Lawyer fee'd,
The Vicar and the Ring beſpoke;
Gueſs, how could ſuch a Match be broke.
See, then, what Mortals place their Bliſs in!
Next Morn, betimes, the Bride was miſſing;
The Mother ſcream'd, the Father chid;
Where can this idle Wench be hid?

No News of PHIL ! The Bridegroom came,
And thought his Bride had ſkulk'd for Shame;
Becauſe her Father us'd to ſay,
The Girl *had ſuch a baſhful Way.*
Now *John* the Butler muſt be ſent,
To learn the Road that *Phillis* went.
The Groom was called to ſaddle *Crop*;
For, *John* muſt neither light nor ſtop;
But find her whereſoe'er ſhe fled,
And bring her back, Alive or Dead.
So! here again the Dev'l to do;
For, truly, *John* was miſſing too;
The Horſe and Pillion both were gone!
Phillis, it ſeems, was fled with *John*.
Old Madam, who went up to find
What Papers *Phil* had left behind,
A Letter on the Toilet ſees,
To my much-honoured Father---Theſe;
('Tis always done, Romances tell us,
When Daughters run away with Fellows)
Fill'd with the choiceſt Common-Places,
By others us'd in ſuch-like Caſes;
" That, long ago, a *Fortune-Teller*
" Exactly ſaid what now befel her;
" And in a *Glaſs* had made her ſee
" A *Serving Man of low Degree:*
" It was *her Fate*; muſt be forgiven;
" For *Marriages were made in Heaven:*
" His Pardon begg'd; but to be plain,
" She'd *do't if 'twere to do again.*
" Thank God, 'twas *neither Shame nor Sin*,
" For *John* was come of *honeſt Kin*;
" Love never thinks of Rich and Poor,
" *She'd beg with* John *from Door to Door.*
" Forgive her, if it be a Crime,
" She'll never do't *another Time.*

" She ne'er before in all her Life,
" Once diſobey'd him, *Maid nor Wife.*
" One Argument ſhe ſumm'd up all in,
" The *Thing was done and paſt recalling.*
" And therefore hop'd ſhe ſhould recover
" His Favour, when his *Paſſion's over!*
" She valu'd not what others thought her,
" And was—his *moſt obedient Daughter.*"
Fair Maidens, all attend the Muſe,
Who now the wand'ring Pair purſues.
Away they rode in homely Sort,
Their Journey long, their Money ſhort;
The loving Couple well bemir'd;
The Horſe, and both the Riders tir'd;
Their Victuals bad, their Lodging worſe;
Phil cry'd, and *John* began to curſe;
Phil wiſh'd that ſhe had ſtrain'd a Limb,
When firſt ſhe ventur'd out with him;
John wiſh'd that ſhe had broke her Leg,
When firſt for her he quitted *Peg.*
But what Adventures more befell 'em,
The Muſe hath now no Time to tell 'em:
How *Johnney* wheedled, threat'ned, fawn'd,
'Till *Phillis* all her Trinkets pawn'd:
How oft ſhe broke her Marriage-Vows,
In Kindneſs, to maintain her Spouſe,
'Till Swains unwholeſome ſpoil'd the Trade,
For now the Surgeon muſt be paid,
To whom thoſe Perquiſites are gone,
In Chriſtian Juſtice due to *John.*
When Food and Rayment now grew ſcarce,
Fate put a Period to the Farce,
And with exact Poetic Juſtice;
For *John* is Landlord, *Phillis* Hoſteſs:
They keep at *Staines the Old Blue Boar,*
Are Cat and Dog, and Rogue and Whore.

The LADLE; *or the* TRIPLE WISH.

THE Sceptick thinks 'twas long ago,
Since Gods came down *Incognito*;
To ſee who were their Friends or Foes,
And how our Actions fell or roſe:
That ſince they gave Things their Beginning,
And ſet this Whirligig a ſpinning;
Supine they in their Heav'n remain,
Exempt from Paſſion, and from Pain:
And frankly leave us human Elves,
To cut and ſhuffle for ourſelves:
To ſtand or walk, or riſe or tumble,
As Matter, and as Motion jumble.
The Poets now, and Painters hold
This Theſis both abſurd and bold:
And your good-natur'd Gods, they ſay,
Deſcend ſome twice or thrice a-day:
Elſe all thoſe Things we toil ſo hard in,
Wou'd not avail one ſingle Farthing:
For when the Hero we rehearſe,
To grace his Actions and our Verſe,
'Tis not by Dint of human Thought,
That to his *Latium* he is brought;
Iris deſcends by Fate's Commands,
To guide his Steps thro' foreign Lands;
And *Amphitrite* clears the Way
From Rocks and Quickſands in the Sea.
Theſe Points, I ſay, of Speculation,
(As 'twere to ſave or ſink a Nation)
Men idly learned will diſpute,
Aſſert, object, confirm, refute:

Each, mighty angry, mighty right,
With equal Arms ſuſtains the Fight;
'Till now no Umpire can agree 'em:
So both draw off, and ſing *Te Deum.*
Is it in *Equilibrio,*
If Deities deſcend or no?
Then let th' Affirmative prevail,
As requiſite to form my Tale:
For by all Parties 'tis confeſt,
That thoſe Opinions are the beſt,
Which in their Nature moſt conduce
To preſent Ends, and private Uſe.
Two Gods came therefore from Above;
One *Mercury,* the t'other *Jove:*
The Humour was (it ſeems) to know,
If all the Favours they beſtow,
Could from our own Perverſeneſs eaſe Us;
And if our Wiſh enjoy'd, would pleaſe Us.
Diſcourſing largely on this Theme,
O'er Hills and Dales their Godſhips came;
'Till well nigh tir'd at almoſt Night,
They thought it proper to alight.
Note here, that it as true as odd is,
That in Diſguiſe a God or Goddeſs
Exerts no ſupernat'ral Powers,
But acts on Maxims much like Ours.
They ſpy'd at laſt a Country Farm,
Where all was ſnug, and clean, and warm;
For Woods before, and Hills behind,
Secur'd it both from Rain and Wind;
Large Oxen in the Fields were lowing;
Good Grain was ſow'd; good Fruit was growing;
Of laſt Year's Corn in Barns good Store;
Fat Turkies gobbling at the Door;
And Wealth (in ſhort) with Peace conſented,
That People here ſhould live contented:

But

But did they in Effect do ſo?
Have Patience, Friend, and thou ſhalt know.
The honeſt Farmer and his Wife,
Two Years declin'd from Prime of Life,
Had ſtruggled with the Marriage Nooſe;
As almoſt ev'ry Couple does:
Sometimes, my Plague! ſometimes my Darling!
Kiſſing to Day, to Morrow ſnarling:
Jointly ſubmitting to endure
That Evil, which admits no Cure.
Our Gods the outward Gate unbarr'd:
Our Farmer met 'em in the Yard:
Thought they were Folks that loſt their Way;
And aſk'd them civilly to ſtay:
Told 'em, for Supper, or for Bed,
They might go on, and be worſe ſped.---
So ſaid, ſo done: The Gods conſent:
All Three into the Parlour went:
They compliment; they ſit; they chat;
Fight o'er the Wars; reform the State;
A thouſand knotty Points they clear,
Till Supper and the Wife appear.
Jove made his Leg, and kiſs'd the Dame:
Obſequious *Hermes* did the ſame.
Jove kiſs'd the Farmer's Wife, you ſay:
He did,---but in an honeſt Way:
Not with one half that Warmth and Life,
With which he kiſs'd *Amphytryon*'s Wife.
Well then! Things handſomely were ſerv'd:
The Miſtreſs for the Strangers carv'd.
How ſtrong the Beer, how good the Meat,
How loud they laugh'd, how much they eat,
In Epic ſumptuous wou'd appear,
Yet ſhall be paſs'd in Silence here;
For I ſhould grieve to have it ſaid,
That by a fine Deſcription led,

I made

I made my Epiſode too long,
Or tir'd my Friend to grace my Song.
The Grace-Cup ſerv'd, the Cloth away,
Jove thought it Time to ſhew his Play:
Landlord and Landlady, he cry'd,
Folly and Jeſting laid aſide,
That ye thus hoſpitably live,
And Strangers with good Cheer receive,
Is mighty grateful to your Betters,
And makes e'en Gods themſelves your Debtors.
To give this *Theſis* plainer Proof
You have to Night beneath your Roof
A Pair of Gods: (nay, never wonder)
This Youth can *fly*, and I can *thunder*:
I'm *Jupiter* and He *Mercurius*,
My Page, my Son, indeed, but ſpurious.
Form then three Wiſhes, You and Madam:
And ſure as you already had 'em,
The Things deſir'd, in half an Hour
Shall all be here, and in your Pow'r.
Thank ye, great Gods, the Woman ſays:
Oh! may your Altars ever blaze.
A LADLE for our Silver Diſh
Is what I want, is what I wiſh.---
A LADLE! cries the Man, a LADLE!
'Odzooks, *Coriſca*, you have pray'd ill:
What ſhould be Great, you turn to Farce;
I wiſh the LADLE in you A----
With equal Grief and Shame my Muſe
The Sequel of the Tale purſues:
The LADLE fell into the Room,
And ſtuck in old *Coriſca*'s Bum.
Our Couple weep, two Wiſhes paſt,
And kindly join to form the laſt.
To eaſe the Woman's aukward Pain,
And get the LADLE out again.

MORAL.

MORAL.

THIS Commoner has Worth and Parts,
Is prais'd for Arms, or lov'd for Arts:
His Head achs for a Coronet:
And who is bleſs'd that is not Great?
Some Senſe, and more Eſtate, kind Heav'n
To this well-lotted Peer has giv'n;
What then? He muſt have Rule and Sway:
And all is wrong 'till He's in play.
The Miſer muſt make up his Plumb,
And dares not touch the hoarded Sum.
The ſickly Dotard wants a Wife,
To draw off his laſt Dregs of Life.
Againſt our Peace we arm our Will:
Amidſt our Plenty, *Something* ſtill,
For Horſes, Houſes, Pictures, Planting,
To Thee, to Me, to Him is wanting.
That cruel *Something*, unpoſſeſs'd,
Corrodes, and leavens all the reſt.
That *Something* if we could obtain,
Would ſoon create a future Pain:
And to the Coffin, from the Cradle,
'Tis all a WISH, and all a LADLE.

JACK TAR's modeſt ADDRESS *to his* CAPTAIN; *when brought to the* Gang-way *to be whipp'd.*

BY your Honour's Command,
An Example I ſtand
Of your Anger, and all the Ship's Crew;
I am hamper'd and ſtript,
And if I am whipt,
By the Meſs, 'tis no more than my Due.

In

In this ſcurvy Condition,
I humbly petition,
To offer theſe Lines to your Eye;
Merry *Tom*, by ſuch Traſh,
Avoided the Laſh;
If Fate and You pleaſe, ſo may I.

There's nothing you hate,
I'm inform'd, like a * *Cat*;
Why,—Your Honour's Averſion is mine:
If then *Puſs*, with one *Tail*,
Can make *your* Heart fail,
Oh!—ſave *me* from this which has *Nine*.

* *The Captain had a natural Antipathy to a Cat, and would almoſt ſwoon at the Sight of one.*

The following were written by Mrs *Pilkington*, when in a very ſevere Fit of Illneſs; and were the laſt ſhe ever wrote:

MY Lord, my Saviour, and my God,
I bow to thy correcting Rod;
Nor will I murmur or Complain,
Tho' ev'ry Limb be fill'd with Pain;
Though my weak Tongue it's Aid denies,
And Day-light wounds my wretched Eyes.

REMARKABLE ANECDOTES, WITTICISMS, AND PIECES in PROSE and VERSE, OF The inimitable Dr. SWIFT.

THE following Paſſages ſtrongly mark the Character of this great Man, and will doubtleſs afford much Pleaſure to every ſenſible Reader.

LET it be recorded (ſays the ingenious Writer of the Dean's Life,) to the Honour of Dr. *Swift*, and to animate others by his Example and Reward, that during his Connection with thoſe who were in the higheſt Rank, and who in every Rank would have been great, he would never ſuffer himſelf to be treated but as an Equal, and repulſed every Attempt to hold him in Dependance, or keep him at a Diſtance, with the utmoſt Reſentment and Indignation.

It happened upon ſome Occaſion, that *Harley* ſent him a Bank Bill of Fifty Pounds by his private

vate Secretary, Mr. *Lewis*, which *Swift* inſtantly returned, with a Letter of Expoſtulation and Complaint. *Harley* invited him to dine, but he refuſed: He wrote to Mr. *Lewis* to mediate between them, deſiring to be reconciled; but *Swift* ſent him word, that he expected further Satisfaction. *Harley* replied, if he would come and ſee him, he would make him eaſy; but *Swift* inſiſted he ſhould apologize by Meſſage, and declared, that otherwiſe he *would caſt him off*.

Swift would not ſuffer even negative Incivilities from thoſe, who, if by their Station they had not been his Superiors, would have been his Equals by Learning and Parts. It happened that having one Day dined with Mr. *St. John*, who was then Secretary of State, and remarked that he appeared to be much out of Temper, he took the firſt Opportunity to ſee him alone, and warned him never to behave to him with ſilent Reſerve, for that he would not be treated like a School-boy. *I expect* (ſays he,) *that if you hear or ſee any thing to my Diſadvantage, you would let me know it in plain Words, and not put me in Pain to gueſs, by the Change or Coldneſs of your Countenance and Behaviour; for it is what I would hardly bear from a crowned Head, and I think no Subject's Favour is worth it.*

The Secretary received the Reproof like a Friend, as it was given, and apologized for his Behaviour, by ſaying that Buſineſs had kept him up ſeveral whole Nights, and Drinking one more; and, to make up Matters, he preſſed the Doctor to ſtay to Dinner; which, however, he declined, as well becauſe he would not encourage a ſecond Offence by too eaſily paſſing over the firſt, as becauſe he was engaged with another Friend.

In

In a Letter which *Swift* wrote to Lord *Oxford* after the Connection between them was broken, he ſays, " When I was with you, I have ſaid " more than once, that I would never allow " Quality or Station to make any Difference be- " tween Men. --- I loved you juſt ſo much the " worſe for your Station.---In your publick Ca- " pacity you have often angered me to the " Heart, but as a private Man never. --- I was " too proud to be vain of the Honour you did " me. --- I was never afraid of offending you, " nor am I now in any Pain for the Manner I " write to you in."

This Conduct of the Dean was not the Effect of Pride and Self-Sufficiency, but of true Dignity of Mind; for he exacted nothing which, in his Turn, he did not pay, nor aſked more for himſelf than others whoſe Pretenſions or Circumſtances were the ſame. When he was deſired by Lord *Oxford* to introduce Dr. *Parnell* to his Acquaintance, he refuſed, upon this Principle, *That a Man of Genius was a Character ſuperior to that of a Lord in High Station*; he therefore obliged his Lordſhip to walk with his Treaſurer's Staff, from Room to Room, through his own Levée, enquiring which was Dr. *Parnell*, in order to introduce himſelf, and beg the Honour of his Acquaintance.

Upon the Arrival of Lord *Carteret*, who was appointed Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*, in that Kingdom, ſoon after Dean *Swift*'s Fourth Letter of the *Draper*, ſeveral Paſſages were ſelected as ſufficient Ground for a Proſecution, and his Excellency and Council publiſhed a Proclamation, offering 300*l.* Reward for a Diſcovery of the Author. This Proclamation gave the Dean

a remarkable Opportunity to illuſtrate his Character. It happened that his Butler, whom he had employed as his Amanuenſis, and who alone was truſted with the Secret, went out in the Afternoon of the Day of the Proclamation, without Leave, and ſtaid out the whole Night, and Part of the next Day. There was great Reaſon to ſuſpect that he had made an Information, and having received his Reward, would never return. The Man, however, came home in the Evening, and the Dean was adviſed by his Friends to take no Notice of his Fault, leſt he ſhould be provoked to a Breach of Truſt, from the Dread of which his Return had juſt delivered them. But the Dean rejected this Counſel with the utmoſt Diſdain, and commanding the Man into his Preſence, ordered him immediately to ſtrip off his Livery, and leave the Houſe. *You Villain*, (ſaid he,) *I know I am in your Power, and for that very Reaſon I will the leſs bear with your Inſolence or Neglect.*

The Man, in very ſubmiſſive Terms, confeſſed that he had been drinking all Night, and intreated to be forgiven, but *Swift* was inexorable: He then begged that he might be confined in ſome Part of the Houſe ſo long as the Proclamation could entitle him to any Reward, leſt when he was driven from his Service, and deſtitute of another, the Temptation might be too ſtrong for his Virtue, and his Diſtreſs might involve him in a Crime which he moſt abhorred. *Swift*, however, was ſtill inexorable, and the Man was diſmiſſed. During all the Time of Danger, *Swift* obſtinately refuſed to contribute one Farthing towards his Support, nor could he be perſuaded to ſee his Face: But when the

Time

Time limited in the Proclamation was expired, he was permitted to return to his Service. Soon afterwards he was called haſtily up by the Dean, who, without any Preface, again ordered him to ſtrip off his Livery, put on his own Cloaths, and then come up again. The poor Fellow, tho' he was greatly aſtoniſhed at this Proceeding, knew *Swift* too well to expoſtulate, and therefore, with whatever Reluctance, obeyed. When he returned, the Dean ordered the other Servants to be called up, who immediately attended; expecting that the Butler was to be diſmiſſed *in terrorem*, and that they ſhould be warned, in very ſevere Terms, of his Offence. *Swift*, as ſoon as he had ranged them together before him, ordered them to take Notice, that *Robert* was no longer his Servant: *He is now*, (ſaid the Dean,) *Mr.* Blakely, *the Verger of* St. Patrick's *Cathedral, a Place which I give him as a Reward for his Fidelity.* The Value of this Place is between Thirty and Forty Pounds a Year. However, *Robert* would not quit his Maſter, but continued to be his Butler ſome Years afterwards.

In this Inſtance the Dean exerciſed his Pride, his Fortitude, and his Equity, in a Manner peculiar to himſelf; and though there are many who would have equally rewarded ſuch Fidelity, there are few who would have ventured to wait the Iſſue of ſo ſevere and dangerous a Probation.

The *Dean* uſed to remonſtrate, with great Freedom, againſt ſuch Meaſures as he diſapproved; and Lord *Carteret* having gained the Advantage of him in ſome Diſpute concerning the Diſtreſſes of *Ireland*, he cried out, in a violent Paſſion; *What the Vengeance brought you among*

us? Get you gone, get you gone; pray God Almighty ſend us our Boobies back again. A Reply, which ſhewed at once the Turn, the Strength, and the Virtue of his Mind, as it was a fine Compliment to the Force of Reaſon, by which he had been juſt foiled, and was expreſſed with all the Vehemence of his Temper, all the Peculiarity of his Wit.

As *Swift* was zealous to preſerve all the Delicacies of Converſation, he was always beſt pleaſed when ſome of the Company were Ladies; and in one of his Letters to Lord *Oxford*, he ſays, *Since Women have been left out of all our Meetings, except Parties of Play, or where worſe Deſigns are carried on, our Converſation has very much degenerated.* In this Inſtance, his Example is a Reproof to thoſe Pedants, who ſuppoſe that Women are never in their proper Sphere, but in the Dreſſing-Room or Nurſery.

The following is an Inſtance of the Dean's Humanity and Benevolence. --- It happened that a young Gentleman of his Choir, being abroad with his Gun, ſuffered irreparable Hurt by its accidentally going off. When the Dean heard of it, he expreſſed great Concern, and having pauſed a little; *Well*, (ſaid he,) *this will be a good Time at once to reward Merit and alleviate Diſtreſs*; *I will make him a Vicar*; which he accordingly did the ſame Hour.

The Dean was remarkable for performing the Duties of the Church with the utmoſt Punctuality and the moſt rational Devotion, which makes the following Oddities the more remarkable, and ſhews that, with all his Piety, he could not forbear indulging the Peculiarity of his Humour when an Opportunity preſented itſelf, whatever might

might be the Impropriety of Time and Place. When he went to reſide at his Living in the Country of *Ireland*, called *Laracor*, he gave publick Notice that he would read Prayers on every *Wedneſday* and *Friday*; which had never been practiſed by his Predeceſſors. On the firſt *Wedneſday* after he had ſummoned his Congregation at *Laracor*, he aſcended his Deſk, and having ſat ſome Time, with no other Auditor than his Clerk *Roger*, he roſe up, and with a Compoſure and Gravity that was upon this Occaſion irreſiſtibly ridiculous, he began, *Dearly beloved* Roger, *the Scripture moveth you and me in ſundry Places*; and ſo proceeded to the End of the Service.

Soon after he was made Dean of *St. Patrick*'s, he had dined one *Sunday* with Dr. *Raymond*, Vicar of *Trim*, and when the Bell had rung, and the People were aſſembled to Evening Prayers at the Church, which was not diſtant more than two Hundred Yards; *Raymond*, ſaid he, I will lay you a Crown, that I begin Prayers before you this Afternoon; Dr. *Raymond* accepted the Wager, and immediately both run as faſt as they could towards the Church. *Raymond*, who was much nimbler than *Swift*, arrived firſt at the Door, and when he entered the Church, walked decently towards the Reading Deſk; *Swift* never ſlackened his Pace, but running up the Iſle, left Dr. *Raymond* behind in the Middle of it, and ſtepping into the Deſk, without putting on a Surplice or opening the Book, began the Service in an audible Voice; and thus won the Wager.

One of the Choriſters of *St. Patrick*'s, who was an excellent Singer, but a very indiſcreet Man in his Conduct, having contracted ſome

Debts was obliged to abſent himſelf from his Duty, being afraid to apply for Aſſiſtance to the Dean, who had often ſtood his Friend in his Diſtreſſes. However, he ventured at length to appear one *Sunday* Evening at Prayer Time, at the above Cathedral, in order to perform in the Anthem. It happened, accidentally, that the Part which he was to ſing, began with the Words, *Where ſhall I go, whither ſhall I fly from thy Preſence?* Which, when the Dean (not knowing before that he was in the Church) heard, he ſhook his Fiſt at him, and ſaid, loud enough for all near him to hear, *To Gaol, you Dog, to Gaol*; which greatly alarmed the poor Man, who was more afraid of the Dean's Anger, than of the Reſentment of all his Creditors together. However, after Prayers were over, *Swift*, who had a great Regard for the Choriſter, ſent for him to the Deanry, and after reproving him ſeverely for his Indiſcretions, gave him Money to ſatisfy all his Debts.

The Dean, who was very intimate with the Earl of *Oxford*, Prime Miniſter in Queen *Anne*'s Reign, and who he thought was too ſlow in his political Motions, once told him ſo, in a Manner which ſhews both his Integrity and Freedom of Converſation with thoſe who have a preſcriptive Right to Servility and Adulation. *Swift* had received a Preſent of a fine Tortoiſeſhell Snuff-box, lined with Gold, and painted on the Inſide of the Lid with a View of *Venice*. This Preſent he ſhewed one Day to Lord *Oxford*, who having admired the Painting and Workmanſhip, at laſt ſpied a Figure ſtudded on the Outſide of the Bottom, which he thought reſembled a Gooſe; upon which, turning to the Dean, *Jonathan*, (ſays

(ſays he,) *I think they have made a Gooſe of thee.* ---*Yes, my Lord,* (ſays the Doctor;) *but if your Lordſhip will look a little farther, you will ſee I am driving a Snail before me*; which indeed happened to be the Device. To this the Earl coolly replied, *That is ſevere enough,* Jonathan; *but I deſerve it.*

Dean *Swift* happened to be at the Caſtle, in *Dublin*, in the Lieutenancy of the Earl of *Pembroke*, when a learned Phyſician was haranguing his Excellency upon the Nature and Qualities of Bees, which he was perpetually calling a Nation and Commonwealth; *Yes, my Lord,* ſaid *Swift, they are a Nation of great Antiquity; you know, my Lord,* Moſes *takes Notice of them; he numbers the* Hivites *among the Nations which* Joſhua *was appointed to conquer.*

He was another Time in Company with a Lady, whoſe long Train happened to throw down a fine Fiddle, and break it, upon which he immediately cried out,

Mantua *væ miſeræ nimium vicina* Cremonæ.

The *Dean* being one Day at a Sheriff's Feaſt, who, after ſeveral other Toaſts, had been called out to him, *Mr. Dean, The Trade of Ireland*; the Dean turned about and immediately anſwered, *Sir, I drink no Memories* *.

Doctor *Swift* greatly admired the Talents of the late Duke of *Wharton*, and hearing him one Day recount many of his Frolicks, *Aye, my Lord,* ſaid he, *you have had many Frolicks; but let me recommend one more to you,* take a Frolick to be virtuous. *I aſſure you it will do you more Honour than all the reſt.*

* Dr. *Brown*, Biſhop of *Corke*, had juſt then printed two Pamphlets and ſeveral Sermons, in which he zealouſly condemned drinking to Memories.

The COUNTRY POST.

From Tueſday, Auguſt *the* 12*th*, *to* Thurſday, Auguſt *the* 14*th*.

From the Hen-Rooſt, Auguſt *the* 4*th*.

TWO Days ago we were put in a dreadful Conſternation, by the advance of a Kite, which threatened every Minute to *fall upon* us; he made ſeveral *Motions* as if he deſigned to attack our *Left Wing*, which covered our *Infantry*. We were alarmed at his Approach, and, upon a general Muſter of all our Forces, the Kitchen Maid came to our Relief; but we were ſoon convinced that ſhe had betrayed us, and was in the Intereſt of the Kite aforeſaid; for ſhe twiſted off two of our Companions Necks, and ſtripped them naked: Five of us were alſo clapped in a *cloſe Priſon*, in order to be ſold for Slaves the next Market-day.

P. S. The black *Hen* was laſt Night ſafely delivered of Seven young *Ducks*.

From the Garden, Auguſt *the* 3*d*.

The *Boars* have done much Miſchief of late in theſe Parts, to ſuch a Degree, that not a Turnip or Carrot can lie ſafe in their *Beds*. Yeſterday ſeveral of them were taken, and ſentenced to have a wooden Engine put about their Necks, to have their Noſes bored, and Rings thruſt through them, as a Mark of Infamy for ſuch Practices.

From

From the Great Pond, Auguſt *the 1ſt.*

Yeſterday a large *Sail* of Ducks paſſed by here, after a ſmall Reſiſtance from two little Boys, who flung Stones at them; they landed near the Barn-Door, where they *foraged* with very good Succeſs: While they were upon this Enterprize, an old Turkey-Cock attacked a Maid in a red Petticoat, and ſhe retired with *great Precipitation.* This Afternoon being ſomewhat rainy, they ſet ſail again, and took ſeveral *Frogs.* Juſt now arrived the *Parſon's Wife*; and twenty Ducks were brought forth before her, in order to be tried, but for what Crime we know not; however, two of them were condemned; it was alſo *obſerved*, that ſhe carried off a Goſling and three ſucking Pigs.

From the little Fort at the End of the Garden, Auguſt *the 5th.*

Laſt night two young Men of this Place made a *Detachment* of their Breeches, in order, as it is thought, to poſſeſs themſelves of the two *Overtures* of the ſaid Fort; but at their Approach they heard great Firing from the Port-holes; they found them already *bombarded* by the *Rear-Guard* of *Sarah* and *Sukey*, who fearing theſe young Men were come to beat up their *Quarters*, deſerted their *neceſſary* Poſts, which were immediately taken poſſeſſion of, notwithſtanding they were much annoyed by reaſon of ſeveral Stink-pots that had been flung there the ſame Morning.

From

From the Barley-Mow, near the Barn, Auguſt *the* 3*d.*

It was Yeſterday rumoured, that there was heard a mighty Squeaking near this Place, as of an Army of Mice, who were thought to lie in Ambuſcade in the ſaid Mow: Upon this the Farmer aſſembled together a Council of Neighbours, wherein it was reſolved that the Mow ſhould be removed, to prevent the farther Deſtruction of the Forage. This Day the Affair was put in Execution; Four hundred and Seventy-nine Mice and Three large Rats were killed, and a vaſt Number wounded, by Pitchforks, and other Inſtruments of Huſbandry. A Mouſe that was cloſe purſued, took Shelter under *Dolly*'s Petticoats, but by the Vigilance of *George Simmons* he was taken, as he was endeavouring to force his Way through a deep Moraſs, and cruſhed to Death on the Spot. There was nothing material happened the next Day, only *Cicily Hart* was *obſerved* to make Water under the ſaid Mow, as ſhe was going a milking.

From the Great Yard, Auguſt *the* 2*d.*

It is very credibly reported, that there is a Treaty of Marriage on foot between the old Red Cock and the Pyed Hen, they having of late appeared very much in Publick together: He Yeſterday made her a Preſent of three *Barley-Corns*, ſo that we look on this Affair as concluded. This is the ſame Cock that fought a Duel for her about a Month ago.

From

From the 'Squire's Houſe.

On *Sunday* laſt there was a noble Entertainment in our Great Hall, where were preſent the Parſon and the Farmer: The Parſon eat like a Farmer, and the Farmer like a Parſon: We refer you to the Curious in Calculations to decide which eat moſt.

It is reported that the Miniſter chriſtened a Male Child laſt Week, but it wants *Confirmation.*

From the Juſtices Meeting, Auguſt *the 7th.*

This Day a Jack-Daw, well known in the Pariſh, was ordered cloſe Priſoner to a Cage, for crying *Cuckold* to a Juſtice of the *Quorum*; and the ſame Evening certain Apples, for *hiſſing* in a diſreſpectful Manner, as they were *roaſting*, were committed to *Lambs-Wool.* The ſame Day the ſaid Juſtices cauſed a Pig to be whipt to Death, and eat the ſame, being convicted of *Squeaking* on the 10th of *June.*

From the Church, Auguſt *the 8th.*

Divine Service is continued in our Pariſh as uſual, though we have ſeldom the Company of any of the neighbouring Gentry; by whoſe Manner of Living it may be conjectured, that the Advices from this Place are not credited by them, or elſe regarded as Matters of little Conſequence.

From

From the Church-Yard, Auguſt *the* 8*th*.

The Miniſter (having obſerved his only Daughter to ſeem too much affected with the Intercourſe of his Bull and the Cows of the Pariſh,) has ordered the Ceremony for the future to be performed not in his own Court, but in the Church-Yard; where, at the firſt Solemnity of that Kind, the Graveſtones of *John Fry*, *Peter How*, and *Mary d'Urfey* were ſpurned down. This has already occaſioned great Debates in the Veſtry, the latter being the deceaſed Wife of the *Singing-Clerk* of this Place.

Caſualties this Week.

Several Caſualties have happened this Week, and the Bill of Mortality is very much increaſed. There have died of the *Falling Sickneſs* two ſtumbling Horſes, as alſo one of their Riders. *Smothered* (in Onions) Seven Rabbits. *Stifled* (in a Soldier's Breeches) Two Geeſe. Of a *ſore Throat*, ſeveral Sheep and Calves at the Butcher's. *Starved to Death*, one Baſtard Child, nurſed at the Pariſh Charge. *Stillborn*, in Eggs of Turkeys, Geeſe, Ducks, and Hens, Thirty-ſix. *Drowned*, Nine Puppies. Of *Wind in the Bowels*, Five Bottles of Small-Beer. I have not yet ſeen the exact Liſt of the Pariſh-Clerk, ſo that, for a more particular Account, we refer you to our next.

We have nothing material as to the *Stocks*, only that *Dick Adams* was ſet in them laſt *Sunday* for Swearing.

A MEDI-

A MEDITATION *upon a* BROOMSTICK.

According to the Style and Manner of the Honble ROBERT BOYLE'S Meditations *.

By Doctor SWIFT.

THIS ſingle Stick, which you now behold inglorioufly lying in that neglected Corner, I once knew in a flouriſhing State in a Foreſt: It was full of Sap, full of Leaves, and full of Boughs: But now in vain does the buſy Art of Man pretend to vye with Nature, by tying that withered Bundle of Twigs to its ſapleſs Trunk: It is now at beſt but the Reverſe of what it was, a Tree turned upſide down, the Branches on the Earth, and the Root in the Air: It is now handled by every dirty Wench, condemned to do her Drudgery, and, by a capricious Kind of Fate, deſtined to make her Things clean, and be naſty itſelf: At length, worn out to the Stumps in the Service of the Maids, it is either thrown out of Doors, or condemned to the laſt Uſe, of kindling a Fire. When I beheld this, I ſighed, and ſaid within myſelf, ſurely mortal Man is a Broomſtick! Nature ſent him into the World ſtrong and luſty, in a thriving Condition, wearing his own Hair on his Head, the proper Branches of this reaſoning Vegetable, until the Axe of Intemperance has lopped off his green Boughs, and left him a withered Trunk: He then flies to Art, and puts on a *Perriwig*, valuing himſelf upon an

* The Sword of Wit, like the Scythe of Time, cuts down Friend and Foe, and attacks every Object that accidentally lies in its way: But ſharp and *irreſiſtible* as the Edge of it may be, Mr. *Boyle* will always remain *invulnerable*. ORRERY.

unnatural Bundle of Hairs, all covered with Powder, that never grew on his Head: But now ſhould this our *Broomſtick* pretend to enter the Scene, proud of thoſe *Birchen* Spoils it never bore, and all covered with Duſt, though the Sweepings of the fineſt Lady's Chamber, we ſhould be apt to ridicule and deſpiſe its Vanity. Partial Judges that we are of our own Excellencies, and other Men's Defaults! But a *Broomſtick*, perhaps, you will ſay, is an Emblem of a Tree ſtanding on its Head; and pray what is Man, but a topſy-turvy Creature, his Animal Faculties perpetually mounted on rational, his Head where his Heels ſhould be, grovelling on the Earth: And yet, with all his Faults, he ſets up to be an univerſal Reformer and Corrector of Abuſes, a Remover of Grievances, rakes into every Slut's Corner of Nature, bringing hidden Corruptions to the Light, and raiſes a mighty Duſt where there was none before; ſharing deeply all the while in the very ſame Pollutions he pretends to ſweep away. His laſt Days are ſpent in Slavery to Women, and generally the leaſt deſerving; till worn to the Stumps, like his Brother Beſom, he is either kicked out of Doors, or made uſe of to kindle Flame for others to warm themſelves by.

BONS MOTS, *or* PITHY SAYINGS *of Dean* SWIFT, *on various Subjects.*

SATYRISTS uſe the Publick as Pedants do a naughty Boy ready horſed for Diſcipline; expoſtulate, then plead the Neceſſity of the Rod, and conclude every Period with a Laſh.

Wits

Wits are like Razors, which are moſt apt to cut thoſe who uſe them when they have loſt their Edge.

Wiſdom is like a Fox, which after long hunting, muſt be dug out at laſt: Or a Cheeſe, which, by how much the richer, has the thicker, homelier, and coarſer Coat, and its Maggots the better: Or a Sack-Poſſet, in which the deeper you go, it is the ſweeter: Or a Hen, whoſe Cackling muſt be valued and conſidered becauſe attended with an Egg: Or a Nut, which, unleſs choſen with Judgment, may coſt a Tooth, and pay nothing but a Worm.

A Critick who reads only to cenſure, is as barbarous as a Judge, who ſhould reſolve to hang all that came before him.

A Critick in Youth will be a Critick in old Age; and, like a Whore and an Alderman, never changes his Title nor his Nature.

He is carried on to the nobleſt Writers by Inſtinct, as a Rat to the beſt Cheeſe, or a Waſp to the faireſt Fruit.

In the Peruſal of a Book he is like a Dog at a Feaſt, whoſe Thoughts and Stomach are ſet upon what the Gueſts fling away; and conſequently ſnarls moſt when there are feweſt Bones.

Men in Misfortunes are like Men in the Dark, to whom all Colours are alike.

It is with Human Faculties as with Liquors, the lighteſt will ever be at the Top.

Satire is a Sort of Glaſs, wherein Beholders diſcover every Body's Face but their own.

Opinions, like Faſhions, deſcend from thoſe of Quality down to the Vulgar, where they are dropped, and vaniſh.

The Stoical Scheme of ſupplying our Wants by lopping off our Deſires, is like cutting off our Feet when we want Shoes.

Ill Company is like a Dog that dirts thoſe moſt whom he loves beſt.

A Writer with a weak Head and a corrupt Heart, is like a hireling Jade, dull and yet vicious.

After ten glorious Campaigns, *England*, like the ſick Man, was juſt expiring with all Sorts of good Symptoms.

A Copy of Verſes kept in a Cabinet, and ſhewn to few, is like a Virgin much ſought after and admired: But when publiſhed, like a common Whore, whom any may purchaſe for half a Crown.

Eloquence ſmooth and cutting, is like a Razor whetted with Oil.

Jealouſy, like Fire, may ſhrivel up Horns, but it makes them ſtink.

A poor Man being aſked how he did, ſaid he was like a Waſhball, always in Decay.

The Rich are, in troubleſome Times, often of no Uſe but to be plundered: Like ſome Sort of Birds, which are good for nothing but their Feathers.

Religion, like all other Things, is ſooneſt put out of Countenance by being ridiculed.

Plying an inſipid worthleſs Tract with grave and learned Anſwers, is like flinging a Mountain upon a Worm, which, inſtead of being bruiſed, by the Advantage of its Littleneſs, lodgeth under it unhurt.

Party is the Madneſs of Many for the Gain of a Few.

There

There never was any Party, Faction, Sect, or Cabal whatſoever, in which the moſt ignorant were not the moſt violent: For a Bee is not a buſier Animal than a Blockhead. However, ſuch Inſtruments are neceſſary to Politicians; and perhaps it may be with States as with Clocks, which muſt have ſome dead Weight hanging at them, to help to regulate the Motion of the finer and more uſeful Parts.

To endeavour to work upon the Vulgar with fine Senſe, is like attempting to hew Blocks with a Razor.

Fine Senſe and exalted Senſe are not half ſo uſeful as common Senſe; and he that will carry nothing about him but Gold, will be every Day at a Loſs for want of readier Change.

Learning is like Mercury, one of the moſt powerful and excellent Things in the World in ſkilful Hands; in unſkilful, the moſt miſchievous.

The niceſt Conſtitutions of Government are often like the fineſt Pieces of Clockwork; which depending on ſo many Motions, are therefore more ſubject to be out of Order.

Every Man has juſt as much Vanity as he wants Underſtanding.

Modeſty, if it were to be recommended for nothing elſe, this were enough, that the pretending to little, leaves a Man at Eaſe, whereas Boaſting requires a perpetual Labour to appear what he is not. If we have Senſe, Modeſty beſt proves it to others; if we have none, it beſt hides our Want of it. For as Bluſhing will ſometimes make a Whore paſs for a virtuous Woman, ſo Modeſty may make a Fool ſeem a Man of Senſe.

It is not ſo much the being exempt from Faults, as the having overcome them, that is an Advantage to us: It being with the Follies of the Mind as with the Weeds of a Field, which if deſtroyed and conſumed upon the Place of their Birth, enrich and improve it more than if none had ever ſprung there.

To pardon thoſe Abſurdities in ourſelves, which we cannot ſuffer in others, is neither better nor worſe, than to be more willing to be Fools ourſelves, than to have others ſo.

A Man ſhould never be aſhamed to own he has been in the wrong; which is but ſaying, in other Words, that he is wiſer To-day than he was Yeſterday.

Our Paſſions are like Convulſion Fits, which, though they make us ſtronger for a Time, leave us weaker ever after.

To be angry, is to revenge the Faults of others upon ourſelves.

A brave Man thinks no one his Superior, who does him an Injury; for he has it then in his Power to make himſelf ſuperior to the other, by forgiving it.

To relieve the Oppreſſed is the moſt glorious Act a Man is capable of; it is in ſome Meaſure doing the Buſineſs of God and Providence.

Superſtition is the Spleen of the Soul.

Atheiſts put on a falſe Courage and Alacrity in the Midſt of their Darkneſs and Apprehenſions; like Children, who, when they go in the Dark, will ſing for Fear.

An Atheiſt is but a mad ridiculous Derider of Piety, but a Hypocrite makes a ſober Jeſt of God and Religion. He finds it eaſier to be upon his Knees than to riſe and do a good Action;

like

like an impudent Debtor, who goes every Day and talks familiarly to his Creditor without ever paying what he owes.

What *Tully* ſays of War, may be applied to Diſputing; it ſhould be always ſo managed as to remember, that the only End of it is Peace: But generally true Diſputants are like true Sportſmen, their whole Delight is in the Purſuit; and a Diſputant no more cares for the Truth than a Sportſman for the Hare.

The Scripture, in Time of Diſputes, is like an open Town in the Time of War, which ſerves indifferently the Occaſions of both Parties; each makes Uſe of it for the preſent Turn, and then reſigns it for the next Comer to do the ſame.

When Men grow virtuous in their old Age, they only make Sacrifice to God of the Devil's Leavings.

When we are young, we are ſlaviſhly employed in procuring ſomething whereby we may live comfortably when we grow old; and when we are old, we perceive it is too late to live as we propoſed.

People are ſcandalized, if one laughs at what they call a ſerious Thing. Suppoſe I were to have my Head cut off To-morrow, and all the World were talking of it To-day, yet why may not I laugh to think, what a Buſtle is here about my Head.

The greateſt Advantage I know of being thought a Wit by the World, is, that it gives one the greater Freedom of playing the Fool.

Wherever I find a great deal of Gratitude in a poor Man, I take it for granted there would be as much Generoſity if he were a rich Man.

Giving

Giving Advice is many Times only the Privilege of ſaying a fooliſh thing one's ſelf, under Pretence of hindering another from doing one.

It is with Followers at Court, as with Followers on the Road, who firſt beſpatter thoſe who go before, and then tread on their Heels.

He who marries a Wife only becauſe he cannot live chaſtely, is much like a Man who, finding a few Humours in his Body, reſolves to wear a perpetual Bliſter.

Married People, for being ſo cloſely united, are but the apter to part; as Knots, the harder they are pulled, break the ſooner.

There is nothing wanting to make all rational and diſintereſted People in the World of one Religion, but that they ſhould talk together every Day.

Men are grateful in the ſame Degree that they are reſentful.

That Character in Converſation which commonly paſſes for agreeable, is made up of Civility and Falſhood.

Some People are recommended for a giddy Kind of Good Humour, which is as much a Virtue as Drunkenneſs.

Thoſe People only will conſtantly trouble you with doing little Offices for them, who leaſt deſerve you ſhould do them any.

Praiſe is like Ambergriſe: A little Whiff of it, and by Snatches, is very agreeable: But when a Man holds a whole Lump of it to your Noſe, it is a Stink, and ſtrikes you down.

The People all running to the Capital City, is like a Confluence of all the Animal Spirits to the Heart; a Symptom that the Conſtitution is in Danger.

Short

Short POETICAL PIECES *of Dean* SWIFT, *and Others.*

The happy LIFE *of a* COUNTRY PARSON, *in Imitation of* MARTIAL.

PARSON, theſe Things in thy poſſeſſing,
Are better than the Biſhop's Bleſſing.
A *Wife* that makes Conſerves; a *Steed*
That carries Double when there's need;
October ſtore, and beſt *Virginia*,
Tythe-Pig, and Mortuary *Guinea*;
Gazettes ſent *gratis* down, and frank'd,
For which thy Patron's weekly thank'd;
A large Concordance, bound long ſince;
Sermons to *Charles* the firſt, when Prince;
A Chronicle of ancient ſtanding;
A *Chryſoſtom* to ſmooth thy Band in;
The *Polygott*, --- *three Parts*, --- *my Text*, ---
Howbeit, --- *likewiſe*, --- *now to my next*, ---
Lo! here the *Septuagint*, --- and *Paul*, ---
To ſum the Whole, --- *the Cloſe of all.*
He that has theſe, may paſs his Life,
Drink with the 'Squire, and kiſs his Wife,
On *Sundays* preach, and eat his fill,
And faſt on *Fridays* if he will;
Toaſt *Church* and *Queen*, explain the News,
Talk with Churchwardens about Pews,
Pray heartily for ſome new Gift,
And ſhake his Head at Dr. *Swift.*

A New

A New SONG *of* NEW SIMILES.

MY Paſſion is as Muſtard ſtrong;
I ſit all ſober ſad,
Drunk as a Piper all Day long,
Or like a *March* Hare mad.

Round as a Hoop the Bumpers flow;
I drink, yet can't forget her;
For, though as drunk as *David*'s Sow,
I love her ſtill the better.

Pert as a Pear-monger I'd be,
If *Molly* were but kind;
Cool as a Cucumber could ſee
The reſt of Woman-kind.

Like a ſtuck Pig I gaping ſtare,
And eye her o'er and o'er:
Lean as a Rake with Sighs and Care,
Sleek as a Mouſe before.

Plump as a Partridge was I known,
And ſoft as Silk my Skin;
My Cheeks as fat as Butter grown,
But as a Groat now thin!

I melancholy as a Cat
Am kept awake to weep;
But ſhe, inſenſible of that,
Sound as a Top can ſleep.

Hard is her Heart as Flint or Stone;
She laughs to ſee me pale,
And merry as a Grig is grown,
And briſk as bottled Ale.

The God of Love at her Approach
Is buſy as a Bee!

Hearts

Hearts ſound as any Bell or Roach,
  Are ſmit, and ſigh like me.
Ay me! as thick as Hops or Hail,
  The fine Men croud about her:
But ſoon as dead as a Door-nail
  Shall I be, if without her.

Strait as my Leg her Shape appears,
  O were we join'd together!
My Heart would be Scot-free from Cares,
  And lighter than a Feather.

As fine as Five-pence is her Mien,
  No Drum was ever tighter;
Her Glance is as the Razor keen,
  And not the Sun is brighter.

As ſoft as Pap her kiſſes are;
  Methinks I taſte them yet;
Brown as a Berry is her Hair,
  Her Eyes as black as Jet.

As ſmooth as Glaſs, as white as Curds,
  Her pretty Hand invites;
Sharp as a Needle are her Words;
  Her Wit like Pepper bites.

Briſk as a Body-Louſe ſhe trips,
  Clean as a Penny dreſt;
Sweet as a Roſe her Breath and Lips,
  Round as the Globe her Breaſt.

Full as an Egg was I with Glee,
  And happy as a King:
Good Lord! how all Men envy'd me!
  She lov'd like any thing.

But falſe as Hell, ſhe, like the Wind,
  Chang'd as her Sex muſt do;
Though ſeeming as the Turtle kind,
  And like the Goſpel true.

If I and *Molly* could agree,
Let who would take *Peru!*
Great as an Emp'ror ſhould I be,
And richer than a *Jew.*

Till you grow tender as a Chick,
I'm dull as any Poſt:
Let us like Burs together ſtick,
And warm as any Toaſt.

You'll know me truer than a Die,
And wiſh me better ſped,
Flat as a Flounder when I lie,
And as a Herring dead.

Sure as a Gun ſhe'll drop a Tear,
And ſigh, perhaps, and wiſh,
When I am rotten as a Pear,
And mute as any Fiſh.

On Miſs BIDDY LLOYD.

The Receipt to form a BEAUTY.

WHEN *Cupid* did his Grandſire *Jove* intreat
To form ſome Beauty by a new Receipt,
Jove ſent, and found, far in a Country Scene,
Truth, Innocence, Good-Nature, Look ſerene:
From which Ingredients firſt the dext'rous Boy
Pick'd the Demure, the Aukward, and the Coy:
The Graces from the Court did next provide,
Breeding, and Wit, and Air, and decent Pride:
Theſe *Venus* cleans'd from ev'ry ſpurious Grain
Of Nice, Coquet, Affected, Pert, and Vain:
Jove mix'd up all, and his beſt Clay employ'd,
Then call'd the happy Compoſition *Lloyd.*

CONUN-

CONUNDRUMS.

1 WHY is going into the Country like learning to dance?
2 Why is a Player like a Liar?
3 Why is a Man in Debt like a Nobleman?
4 Why is *Britain* like a Child?
5 Who was the firſt that bore Arms?
6 Why are *Rocheſter*'s Poems like a Chimney-Sweeper?
7 Why are ſleepy Eyes like Amber?
8 Where ſhould a Lady clap her Hands, if a Man ſhould enter the Room when ſhe was quite naked?
9 What is that which God never made, and commanded not to be made, and yet was made, and has a Soul to be ſav'd?
10 Why is an ordinary Face in a Woman like the Quarters of a Ship ſtoutly fitted?
11 Why is a Prime Miniſter like a Maypole?
12 Why is Swearing like a ſhabby Coat?
13 Why is my Lord Mayor like an Almanack?
14 Why is a bad Pen like a wicked Man?
15 Why is a good Sermon like a Plumb-Pudding?
16 Why is *Ireland* like a Bottle of Wine?
17 Why is a firſt Floor like a Lie?
18 Why is a good Cook like a Woman of Faſhion?
19 Why is a falſe Note like a Bar of Iron?
20 Why are moſt Authors like a Ship juſt launch'd?
21 Why is a pretty Lady like an Oat-Cake?
22 Why is a paſſionate Man like a Lady's Smock?
23 Why is a Woman's Face like a Mountebank?

24 Why are a Parcel of Rakes like a Pack of bad Hounds?
25 Why is a blind Man heavier than one that can ſee?
26 Why is a Fart like a double Entendre?
27 Why is a peeviſh Man like a Watch?
28 Why is a Pariſh Bell like a good Story?
29 Why is *Wales* like a Neck of Mutton?
30 Why is Claret like an Oath?
31 Why is a Looking-Glaſs like a Philoſopher?
32 What is a Man like that is in the Midſt of a great River, and can't ſwim?
33 Why is a drawn Tooth like a Thing forgot?
34 What is a Man like in the Midſt of a Deſert, without Meat or Drink?
35 Why is a poor Man like a Sempſtreſs?
36 Why is a botching Taylor like a Sink?
37 Why is a Book like a Tree?
38 Why is a little Girl in Arms like a Woman that comes before her Time?
39 Why is an unbound Book like a Lady in Bed?

ANSWERS *to the foregoing* CONUNDRUMS.

1 BEcauſe it gives one a *good Air.*
2 Becauſe he ought to have a *good Memory.*
3 Becauſe he has many *to wait on him.*
4 Becauſe any *new Rattle diverts it.*
5 *Adam.*
6 Becauſe they are *ſmutty.*
7 Becauſe they *draw Straws.*
8 On the Man's Eyes.

9 A Cuckold.
10 Becauſe the *upper Parts defend the Hatches.*
11 Becauſe it is *a high Poſt.*
12 Becauſe it is *a bad Habit.*
13 Becauſe he ſerves *but one Year.*
14 Becauſe it wants *mending.*
15 Becauſe there are *Reaſons* in it.
16 Becauſe there is *Cork* in it.
17 Becauſe it is a *Story raiſed.*
18 Becauſe ſhe *dreſſes* well.
19 Becauſe it is *forged.*
20 Becauſe they want *new Rigging.*
21 Becauſe ſhe is often *toaſted.*
22 Becauſe he is generally *ruffled.*
23 Becauſe it is often in a *Mob.*
24 Becauſe they are *ſad Dogs.*
25 Becauſe he is not ſo *light.*
26 Becauſe it is taken in *two Senſes.*
27 Becauſe he is often *wound up.*
28 Becauſe it is often *toll'd.*
29 Becauſe it is *craggy.*
30 Becauſe it is *binding.*
31 Becauſe it *reflects.*
32 Like to be *drowned.*
33 Becauſe it is *out of one's Head.*
34 Like to be *ſtarved.*
35 Becauſe he makes *Shifts.*
36 Becauſe he is a *Common-Sewer.*
37 Becauſe he is full of *Leaves.*
38 Becauſe ſhe is *Miſs-carried.*
39 Becauſe it is in *Sheets.*

EPIGRAMS *by various Hands.*

The artful Declaration; or the Cuckold comforted. From the French.

INdulgent *Cornus* to his Spouſe's Labour,
Having invited ev'ry uſeful Neighbour,
With Tears ſtood liſt'ning to her diſmal Cries,
Which ſhe obſerving bade him wipe his Eyes,
Your Grief on this Account, my Dear, refrain,
I can't charge you *as Author of my Pain.*

To a SEMPSTRESS.

OH, what Boſom but muſt yield,
When, like *Pallas*, you advance,
With a Thimble for your Shield,
And a Needle for your Lance?
Faireſt of the Stitching Train,
Eaſe my Paſſion by your Art;
And in Pity to my Pain,
Mend the Hole that's in my Heart.

On ſeeing a young Lady accidentally break a Glaſs. By her Brother.

SEE, Siſter, in this ſhatter'd Glaſs,
The Fate of many a pretty Laſs:
Woman, like Glaſs, is frail and weak,
Is apt to ſlip, is apt to break:
Therefore, guide every Step with Caution,
For juſt like Glaſs is Reputation;
Both broke to Pieces in once falling,
For ever loſt, and paſt recalling.

The

The WISH. *By a Young* Lady.

I aſk not Wit, nor Beauty do I crave,
Nor Wealth, nor pompous Titles wiſh to have;
But ſince 'tis doom'd thro' all Degrees of Life,
Whether a Daughter, Siſter, or a Wife,
That Females ſhould the ſtronger Males obey,
And yield implicit to their lordly Sway;
Since this, I ſay, is ev'ry Woman's Fate,
Give me a Mind to ſuit my ſlaviſh State.

SYLVIA.

CRIES *Sylvia* to a Rev'rend Dean,
What Reaſon can be given,
Since Marriage is a holy Thing,
That there are none in Heaven?
There are no Women, he reply'd:
She quick returns the Jeſt—
Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a Prieſt.

On the Derivation of the Word NEWS.

THE Word explains itſelf without the *Muſe*,
And the four Letters ſpeak whence come the News:
From *North*, *Eaſt*, *Weſt* and *South*, Solution's made,
Each Quarter gives Account of *War* and *Trade*.

On the Marriage of Miſs LAMB *to Mr.* LION, *who from a great Rake became a ſober Huſband.*

THAT *Love* works Miracles we find;
Lo! this Event diſcovers
A Union of amazing kind!
Who thought they'd e'er be *Lovers*?

Poſterity will think it ſtrange,
Believe it all a Sham,
When they are told the mighty Change,
That *Lion* ſports with *Lamb*.
Farther,—how wond'rous 'twill appear,
Which many will ſay fie on,
When they with Truth this Story hear,
A *Lamb* has *tam'd* a *Lion*.

Two Millers of Mancheſter *wanting all the Inhabitants to grind Corn at their Mill, tho' they were not able to ſupply half the Town, occaſioned the following Lines:*

BONE and SKIN, two Millers thin,
Would ſtarve us all, or near it,
But be it known to *Skin* and *Bone*,
That *Fleſh* and *Blood* can't bear it.

An EPITAPH *on a very indolent Man.*

HERE lies *John Meyers*—Reader ſtay,
And, if thou can'ſt, pray weep,
Who doz'd an idle Life away,
And then fell faſt aſleep.

An EPITAPH *in* Nottingham *Church-yard.*

HERE lies the Body of *John Day*,
What young *John?* No. Old *John?* Aye.

Another *in the ſame Church-yard.*

TOM Brown lies bury'd here,
Aged four and twenty Year,
And near this Place his Father lies,
Alſo his Mother when ſhe dies.

The PIG. *A* TALE.

By the late Rev. Mr. Samuel Weſley.

SOME Huſbands, on a Winter's Day,
Were met to laugh their Spleen away;
As Wine flows in, and Spirits riſe,
They praiſe their Conſorts to the Skies.
Obedient Wives were ſeldom known,
Yet all could anſwer for their own.
Acknowledg'd each as Sov'reign Lord,
Abroad, at home, in Deed, in Word;
In ſhort, as abſolute their Reign, as
Grand Signior over his Sultanas.
For Pride, or Shame to be outdone,
All join'd in the Diſcourſe but one;
Who, vex'd ſo many Lies to hear,
Thus ſtops their arrogant Career;
'Tis mighty ſtrange, Sirs, what you ſay!
What, all ſo abſolutely ſway
In *England*, where *Italians* wiſe
Have plac'd the Woman's Paradiſe!
In *London*, where the Sex's Flow'r
Have of that *Eden* plac'd the Bow'r!
Fie, Men of Senſe to be ſo vain!
You're not in *Turkey* or in *Spain*.
True *Britons* all, I'll lay my Life,
None here is Maſter of his Wife.
Theſe Words the gen'ral Fury rouze,
And all the common Cauſe eſpouſe,
'Till one with Voice ſuperior ſaid,
Whoſe Lungs were ſounder than his Head,
I'll ſend my Footman inſtant home,
To bid his Miſtreſs hither come;

And

And if ſhe flies not at my Call,
To own my Pow'r before you all,
I'll grant, I'm henpeck'd, if you pleaſe,
As *Sh——ck*, or as *Socrates*.
Hold there, replies th' Objector ſly,
Prove firſt, that Matrons never lie;
Elſe Words are Wind. To tell you true,
I neither credit them nor you.
No, we'll be judg'd a ſurer Way,
By what they do, not what they ſay.
I'll hold you ſev'rally that boaſt,
A Supper at the Loſer's Coſt,
That if you'll but vouchſafe to try
A Trick I'll tell you by and by,
Send ſtrait for every Wife quite round,
One Mother's Daughter is not found,
But who before her Huſband's Face,
Point blank his Order diſobeys.
To this they one and all conſent;
The Wager laid the Summons went.
Mean while he this Inſtruction gives,
Pray only gravely tell you Wives,
Your Will and Pleaſure is t'invite
Theſe Friends to a Boil'd Pig to Night:
The commoner the trick has been,
The better Chance have you to win:
The Treat is mine, if they refuſe;
But if they Boil it, then I loſe.
The firſt to whom the Meſſage came,
Was a well-born and haughty Dame;
A ſaucy, independent She,
With Jointure, and with Pin-Money,
Secur'd by Marriage Deeds from Wants,
Without a ſep'rate Maintenance.
Her Loftineſs diſdain'd to hear
Half through her Huſband's Meſſenger:

But cut him ſhort with—How dare he
'Mong Pot Companions ſend for me.
He knews his Way, if ſober, home;
And if he wants me, bid him come.
This Anſwer haſtily returned,
Pleas'd all but him whom it concern'd,
For each Man thought his Wife, on Trial,
Would brighter ſhine by this Denial.
The ſecond was a Lady gay,
Who lov'd to viſit, dreſs, and play;
To ſparkle in the *Box*, or *Ring*,
And dance on Birthnights for the *King*,
Whoſe Head was buſy wont to be
With ſomething elſe than Cookery.
She hearing of her Huſband's Name,
Tho' much a Gentlewoman, came.
When half inform'd of his Requeſt,
A Diſh as he deſir'd it dreſt!
Quoth Madam, with a ſerious Face,
Without enquiring what it was,
You can't, ſure, for an Anſwer look;
Sir, do you take me for your Cook?
But I muſt haſte a Friend to ſee,
Who ſtays my Coming for her Tea.
So ſaid, that Minute out ſhe flew,
What could the ſlighted Huſband do?
His Wager loſt muſt needs appear,
For none obey that will not hear.
The next for Houſewif'ry renown'd,
A Woman notable was own'd,
Who hated Idleneſs and Airs,
And minded Family Affairs.
Expert at every Thing was ſhe;
At Needlework or Surgery:
Fam'd for her Liquors far and near;
From richeſt Cordial to ſmall Beer.

To ſerve a Feaſt ſhe underſtood,
In *Engliſh* or in *Foreign* Mode:
Whate'er the wanton Taſte could chuſe,
In Sauces, Kickſhaws, and Ragous;
She ſpar'd for neither Coſt nor Pain,
Her welcome Gueſts to entertain.
Her Huſband fair accoſts her thus:
To Night theſe Friends will ſup with us.
She anſwer'd with a Smile, My Dear,
Your Friends are always welcome here.
But we deſire a *Pig*, and pray
You'd boil it.—Boil it, do you ſay?
I hope you'll give me Leave to know
My Bus'neſs better, Sir, than ſo;
Why ne'er in any Book was yet
Found ſuch a whimſical Receipt.
My Dreſſing none need be afraid of,
But ſuch a Diſh was never heard of.
I'll roaſt it nice;—but ſhall not boil it,
Let thoſe that know no better, ſpoil it.
Her Huſband cry'd, for all my Boaſt,
I own the Wager fairly loſt.
And other Wives, beſides my Love,
Or I'm miſtaken much, may prove,
More chargeable than this to me,
To ſhew their Pride in Houſewif'ry.
Now the poor Wretch who next him ſat,
Felt his own Heart go pit-a-pat,
For well he knew his Spouſe's Way;
Her Spirit brook'd not to obey;
And never yet was in the Wrong;
He told her with a trembling Tongue,
Where, and on what, his Friends would feaſt;
And how the Dainty ſhould be dreſt.
To Night? quoth, in a Paſſion, ſhe;
No, Sirs, to Night it cannot be:

And was it a *boil'd* Pig you ſaid?
You and your Friends, ſure, are not mad!
The Kitchen is the proper Sphere,
Where none but Females ſhould appear:
And Cooks their Orders, by your Leave,
Always from Miſtreſſes receive.
Boil it! was ever ſuch an *Aſs!*
Pray, what would you deſire for Sauce?
If any Servant in my Pay
Dare dreſs a *Pig* that ſilly Way,
In ſpite of any Whim of your's,
I'll turn them quickly out of Doors,
For no ſuch thing —nay, never frown,
Where I am Miſtreſs, ſhall be done.
Each Woman wiſe her Huſband rules,
Paſſive Obedience is for Fools.
This Caſe was quickly judg'd! behold
A fair One of a ſofter Mould;
Good Humour ſparkled in her Eye,
And unaffected Pleaſantry.
So mild and ſweet ſhe enter'd in,
Her Spouſe thought certainly to win.
Pity ſuch Golden Hopes ſhould fail!
Soon as ſhe heard th' appointed Tale;
My Dear, I know not, I proteſt,
Whether in Earneſt or in Jeſt,
So ſtrange a Supper you demand;
Howe'er I'll not diſputing ſtand,
But do't as freely as you bid it,
Prove but that ever Woman did it.
This Cauſe by general Conſent,
Was loſt for want of Precedent.
Thus each deny'd a ſeveral Way;
But all agreed to diſobey.
One only Dame did yet remain,
Who downright honeſt was, and plain:

If now and then her Voice ſhe tries,
'Tis not for Rule, but Exerciſe.
Unus'd her Lord's Commands to ſlight,
Yet ſometimes pleading for the Right,
She made her little Wiſdom go
Farther than wiſer Women do.
Her Huſband tells her, looking grave,
A roaſting *Pig* I boil'd would have;
And, to prevent all *Pro* and *Con*,
I muſt inſiſt to have it doné.
Says ſhe, my Deareſt, ſhall your Wife
Get a Nickname to laſt for Life?
If you reſolve to ſpoil it, do;
But I deſire you'll eat it too:
For tho' 'tis boil'd to hinder Squabble,
I ſhall not, will not, ſit at Table.
She ſpoke, and her good Man alone
Found he had neither loſt nor won,
So fairly parted Stakes. The reſt
Fell on the Wag that caus'd the Jeſt:
Would *your* Wife boil it? Let us ſee.
Hold there---you did not lay with me;
You find, in ſpite of all you boaſted,
Your *Pigs* are fated to be roaſted.
The Wager loſt no more contend,
But take this Counſel from a Friend:
Boaſt not your Empire, if you prize it,
For happieſt he that never tries it.
Wives unprovok'd, think not of Sway,
Without commanding they obey;
But if your dear Ones take the Field,
Reſolve at once to win or yield;
For Heav'n no Medium ever gave,
Betwixt a Sov'reign and a Slave.

The COBLER. *A* TALE.

By the ſame.

YOUR Sage and Moraliſt can ſhew,
Many Misfortunes here Below,
A Truth which no one ever miſs'd
Tho' neither Sage nor Moraliſt:
Yet, all the Troubles notwithſtanding,
Which Fate or Fortune has a Hand in,
Fools to themſelves will more create,
In Spite of Fortune and of Fate.
Thus oft are dreaming Wretches ſeen,
Tortur'd with Vapours and with Spleen;
Transform'd (at leaſt in their own Eyes,)
To Glaſs, or China, or Gooſe-Pies.
Others will to themſelves appear
Stone-dead as *Will the Conqueror*;
And all the World in vain might ſtrive,
To face them down, that they're alive.
Unlucky Males with Child will groan,
And ſorely dread their lying down;
As fearing that, to eaſe their Pain,
May puzzle Doctor *Chamberlaine*.
Imaginary Evils flow
Merely for want of real Woe;
And when prevailing Whimſies riſe,
As monſtrous wild Abſurdities
Are, ev'ry Hour, and ev'ry Minute,
Found without *Bedlam* as within it:
Which if you farther would have ſhewn,
And Leiſure have to read, --- read on.

There liv'd a Gentleman poſſeſs'd
Of all that Mortals reckon beſt:
A Seat well choſe in wholſome Air,
With Gardens, and with Proſpect fair:

His Land from Debt and Jointure free;
His Money never in *South-Sea:*
His Health of Body firm and good,
Tho' paſt the Heyday of his Blood;
His Conſort fair, and good, and kind;
His Children riſing to his Mind;
His Friends ingenious and ſincere;
His Honour, nay, his Conſcience clear:
He wanted nought of human Bliſs,
But Power to taſte his Happineſs.
Too near, alas! this Great Man's Hall,
A merry Cobler had a Stall;
An arch old Wag as e'er you knew,
With Breeches red and Jerkin blue;
Chearful at working as at Play,
He ſung and whiſtled Life away:
When riſing Morning glads the Sky,
Clear as the merry Lark, and high;
When Ev'ning Shades the Landſkip veil,
Late warbling as the Nightingale;
Tho' Pence came ſlow, and Trade was ill,
Yet ſtill he ſung, and whiſtled ſtill;
Tho' patch'd his Garb, and coarſe his Fare,
He laugh'd, and caſt away old Care.
The rich Man view'd with Diſcontent,
His tatter'd Neighbour's Merriment,
With Envy grudg'd, and pin'd to ſee
A Beggar pleaſanter than he;
And, by Degrees, to hate began
Th' intolerable happy Man,
Who haunted him like any Sprite,
From Morn to Eve, by Day and Night.
It chanc'd when once in Bed he lay,
When Dreams are true, at Break of Day,
He heard the Cobler at his Sport,
Amidſt his Muſic ſtopping ſhort:

Whether

Whether his Morning Draught he took,
Or warming Whiff of wonted Smoak,
The 'Squire ſuſpected, being ſhrewd,
The Silence boded him no Good;
And 'cauſe he nothing ſaw or heard,
A *Machiavilian* Plot he fear'd.
Strait Circumſtances crowded plain
To vex and plague his jealous Brain:
Trembling in panic Dread he lies,
With gaping Mouth, and ſtaring Eyes;
And ſtraining wiſtful both his Ears,
He ſoon perſuades himſelf he hears,
One ſkip and caper up the Stairs,
Sees the Door open quick, and knew,
His dreaded Foe in Red and Blue.
Who, with a running Jump, he thought,
Leapt plump directly down his Throat,
Laden with Tackle of his Stall,
Laſt, Ends, and Hammer, Strap, and Awl:
No ſooner down, than with a Jerk,
He fell to Muſic, and to Work.
If much he griev'd our Don before,
When but o' th' outſide of his Door,
How ſorely muſt he now moleſt,
When got o' th'inſide of his Breaſt;
The waking Dreamer groans and ſwells,
And Pangs imaginary feels;
Catches, and Scraps of Tunes he hears
For ever ringing in his Ears;
Ill-favour'd Smells his Noſe diſpleaſe,
Mundungus ſtrong, and rotten Cheeſe;
He feels him when he draws his Breath,
Or tug the Leather with his Teeth;
Or beat the Sole, or elſe extend
His Arms to th' utmoſt of his End,
Enough to crack, when ſtretch'd ſo wide,
The Ribs of any mortal Side.

Is there no Method, then, to fly
This vile inteſtine Enemy?
What can be done in this Condition,
But ſending inſtant for Phyſician?
The Doctor, having heard the Caſe,
Burſt into Laughter in his Face;
Told him, there needs no more than riſe,
Open his Windows, and his Eyes,
Whiſtling and ſtitching there to ſee
The Cobler, as he us'd to be.
Sir, quoth the Patient, your Pretences
Shall ne'er perſuade me from my Senſes:
How ſhould I riſe? The heavy Brute
Will hardly let me wag a Foot:
Tho' Seeing for Belief muſt go,
Yet Feeling is the Truth, you know:
I feel him in my Sides, I tell ye,
Had you a Cobler in your Belly,
You ſcarce would ſleer as now you do;
I doubt your Guts would grumble too.
Still do you laugh? I tell you, Sir,
I'd kick you ſoundly, could I ſtir:
Thou Quack, that never hadſt Degree
In either Univerſity;
Thou mere Licenciate without Knowledge,
The Shame and Scandal of the College:
I'll call my Servants, if you ſtay;
So, Doctor, ſcamper while you may.
One thus diſpatch'd, a ſecond came,
Of equal Skill, and greater Fame;
Who ſwore him mad as a *March* Hare,
(For Doctors, when provok'd, will ſwear.)
To drive ſuch Whimſies from his Pate,
He dragg'd him to the Window ſtrait.
But jilting *Fortune* can deviſe
To baffle and outwit the Wiſe:

The Cobler, ere expos'd to View,
Had juſt pull'd off his Jerkin blue,
Not dreaming 'twould his Neighbour hurt,
To ſit *in Freſco* in his Shirt.
Ah! quoth the Patient, with a Sigh,
You know him not ſo well as I;
The Man who down my Throat is run,
Has got a true blue Jerkin on.
In vain the Doctor rav'd and tore,
Argu'd and fretted, ſtamp'd and ſwore;
Told him he might believe as well
The Giant of *Pentagruel*
Did oft, as break his Faſt or Sup,
For poach'd Eggs ſwallow Windmills up;
Or that the *Holland* Dame could bear
A Child for ev'ry Day i'th' Year.
The vapour'd Dotard, grave and ſly,
Miſtook for Truth each rapping Lye;
And drew Concluſions ſuch as theſe,
Reſiſtleſs from the Premiſes.
I hope, my Friends, you'll grant me all,
A Windmill's bigger than a Stall;
And ſince the Lady brought alive
Children three Hundred ſixty-five,
Why ſhould you think there is not Room
For one poor Cobler in my Womb?
Thus ev'ry Thing his Friends could ſay
The more confirm'd him in his Way:
Farther convinc'd, by what they tell,
'Twas certain, tho' impoſſible.
Now worſe and worſe the piteous State
Was grown, and almoſt deſperate.
Yet ſtill the utmoſt Bent to try,
Without more Help he would not die.
An old Phyſician, ſly and ſhrewd,
With Management of Face endu'd,

Hear'd

Hear'd all his Tale; and aſk'd, with Care,
How long the Cobler had been there?
Noted diſtinctly what he ſaid;
Lift up his Eyes, and ſhook his Head,
And grave accoſts him, on this Faſhion,
After mature Deliberation,
With ſerious and important Face:
Sir, yours is an uncommon Caſe;
Tho' I've read *Galen's* Latin o'er,
I never met with it before;
Nor have I found the like Diſeaſe
In Stories of *Hippocrates.*
Then, after a convenient Stay,
Sir, if Preſcription you'll obey,
My Life for yours, I'll ſet you free
From this ſame two-legg'd Timpany.
'Tis true you're gone beyond the Cure
Of fam'd Worm-Powder of *John Moor*;
Beſides, if downwards he be ſent,
I fear he'll ſplit your nether Vent:
But then your Throat, you know, is wide,
And ſcarcely clos'd ſince it was try'd;
The ſame Way he got in, 'tis plain,
There's Room to fetch him out again:
I'll bring the forked Worm away
Without a *Dyſenteria:*
Emetics ſtrong will do the Feat,
If taken *quantum ſufficit:*
I'll ſee myſelf the proper Doſe,
And then *Hypnotics* to compoſe.
The Wretch, tho' languiſhing and weak,
Reviv'd already by the *Greek*,
Cry'd, what ſo learn'd a Man as you
Preſcribes, dear Doctor, I ſhall do.
The Vomit ſpeedily was got,
The Cobler ſent for to the Spot,

And

And taught to manage the Deceit,
And not his Doublet to forget.
But firſt the Operator wiſe,
Over his Sight a Bandage ties:
For Vomits always ſtrain the Eyes.
Courage! I'll make you diſembogue,
Spight of his Teeth, th' unlucky Rogue;
I'll drench the Raſcal, never fear,
And bring him up, or drown him there.
Warm Water down he makes him pour,
Till his ſtretch'd Guts could hold no more;
Which doubly ſwoll'n, as you may think,
Both with the Cobler, and the Drink,
What they receiv'd againſt the Grain,
Soon paid with Int'reſt back again.
Here come his Tools, he can't be long
Without his Hammer and his Thong.
The Cobler humour'd what was ſpoke,
And gravely carry'd on the Joke;
As he heard nam'd each ſingle Matter,
He chuck'd it ſouſe into the Water;
And then, not to be ſeen as yet,
Behind the Door made his Retreat.
The ſick Man now takes Breath awhile,
Strength to recruit for farther Toil:
Unblinded he, with joyful Eyes,
The Tackle floating there eſpies;
Fully convinc'd within his Mind,
The Cobler could not ſtay behind,
Who to the Alehouſe ſtill would go,
When e'er he wanted Work to do:
Nor could he like his preſent Place,
He ne'er lov'd Water in his Days.
At length he takes a ſecond Bout,
Enough to turn him Inſide out;
With Vehemence ſo ſore he ſtrains,
As would have ſplit another's Brains,

Ah!

Ah! here the Cobler comes, I ſwear!
And Truth it was, for he was there,
And like a rude ill-manner'd Clown,
Kick'd with his Foot the Vomit down.
The Patient now grown wondrous light,
Whip'd off the Napkin from his Sight.
Briſkly lifts up his Head and knew
The Breeches and the Jerkin's Hue;
And ſmil'd to hear him grumbling ſay,
As down the Stairs he ran his Way,
He'd ne'er ſet Foot within his Door,
And jump down open Throats no more;
No, while he liv'd, he'd ne'er again
Run, like a Fox, down the Red Lane.
Our Patient thus, his Inmate gone,
Cur'd of the Crotches in his Crown,
Joyful his Gratitude expreſſes,
With thouſand Thanks, and hundred Pieces:
And thus with much of Pains and Coſt,
Regain'd the Health he never loſt.

MORAL.

Taught by long Miſeries we find
Repoſe is ſeated in the Mind;
And moſt Men, ſoon or late, have own'd,
'Tis there, or no where, to be found.
This real Wiſdom timely knows,
Without Experience of the Woes;
Nor need inſtructive Smart, to ſee
That all on Earth is Vanity:
Loſs, Diſappointment, Paſſion, Strife,
Whate'er torments or troubles Life,
Tho' groundleſs, grievous in its Stay,
'Twill ſhake our Tenements of Clay,
When paſt, as nothing we eſteem;
And Pain, like Pleaſure's but a Dream.

FINIS.

22 JY 69